THE BYSTANDER
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SEPTEMBER 3, 1930
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Another ETHEL MANNIN *Article on* GERMANY TO-DAY

The BYSTANDER

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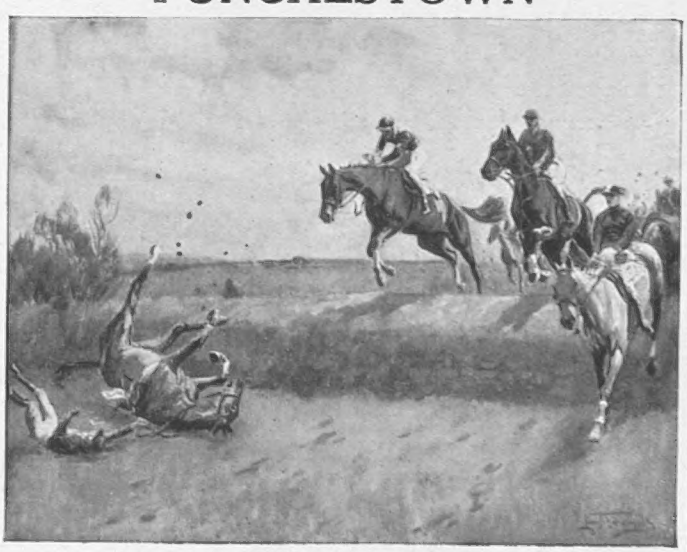

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The Bystander, September 3, 1930

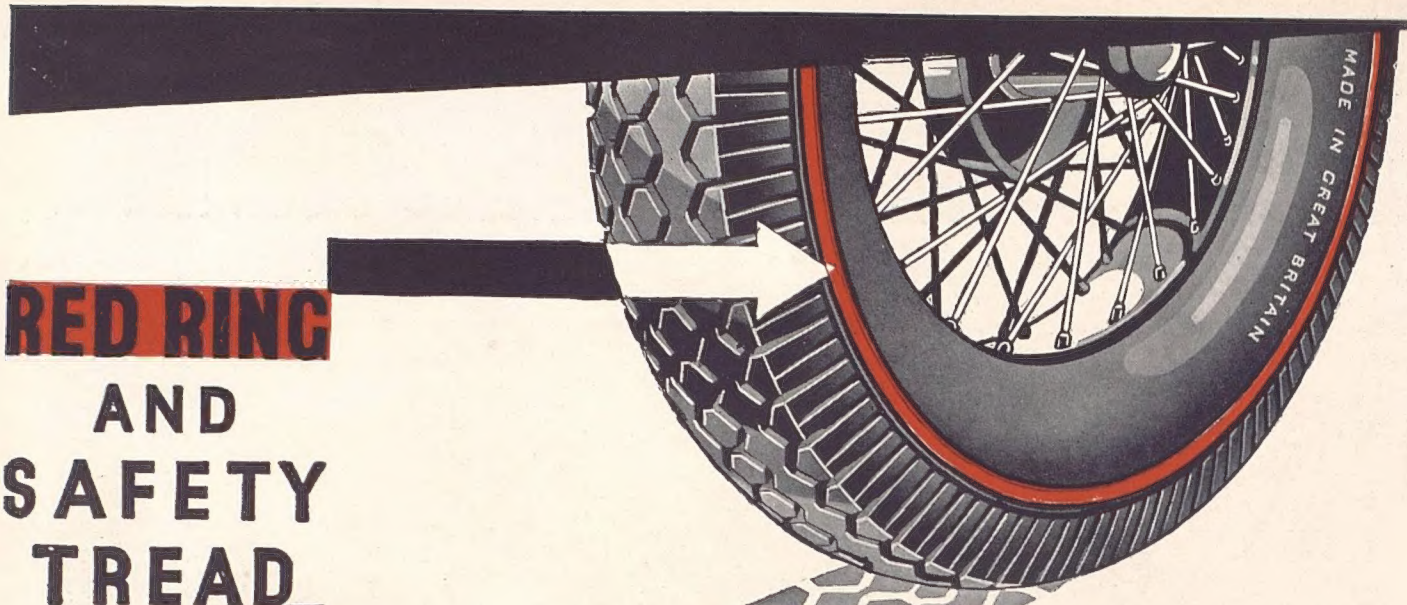
the BYSTANDER

No. 1394. Vol. CVII

Lenare

THE HON. MRS. ESMOND HARMSWORTH

Photographed with her five-year-old son, Vere. Her husband, who is Lord Rothermere's heir, represented Thanet in the Conservative interests from 1919 to 1929 and is a keen protagonist of the United Empire Party. She has had great luck with her racing on the Continent



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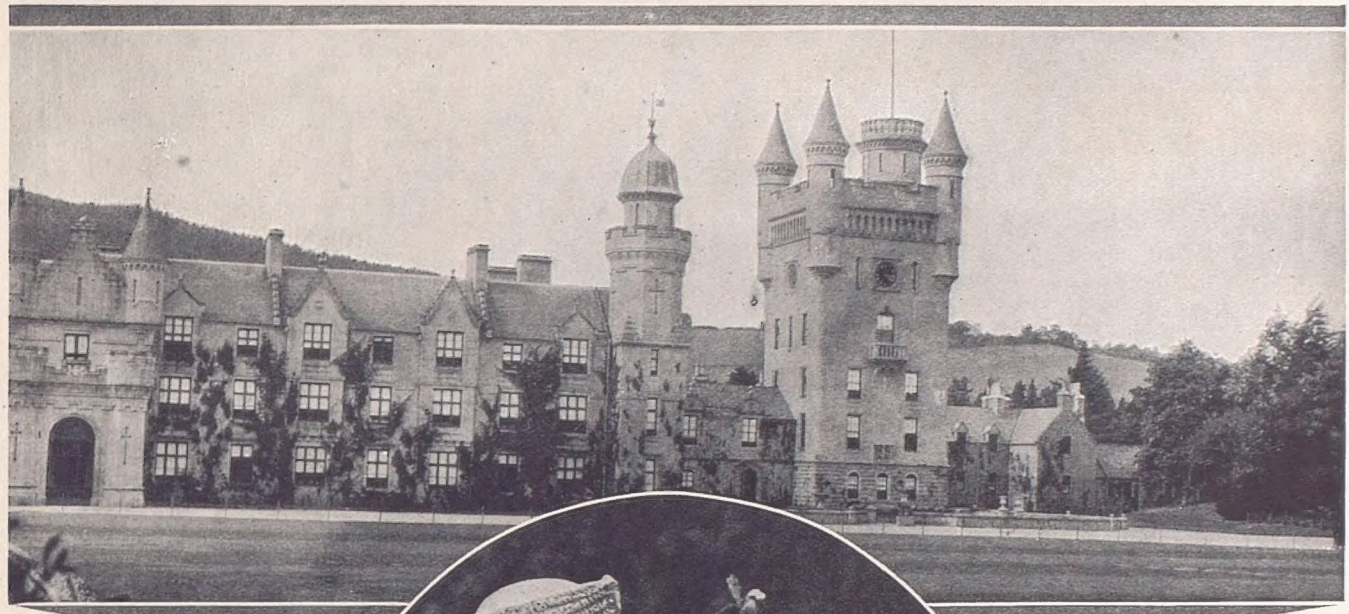
The Passing Hour



THEIR MAJESTIES' SCOTTISH RESIDENCE
A general view of the Castle at Balmoral, where the Court has migrated after the end of the Season at Cowes

D. Wilson Laing

Their Majesties out driving from Balmoral to Crathie to attend Divine worship. The King is benefiting greatly from his stay in the Highlands, and has been taking a lot of walking exercise

THE sun blazed down with an intensity unrelieved by even suspicion of the lightest zephyr from off the moors during the York meeting last week, but at least for those whose clothes had been dictated with an eye to unforeseen accidents in the sky there was the cool vista of the green turf—so generously watered these last months. Many envied Princess Mary, however, who, evidently setting barometrical vagaries at naught, drove over with Lord Harewood, Lord Lonsdale, and Mrs. Clayton, in a cool flowered dress shaded by a large picture hat.

On the Course

Not even the sun's untoward munificence had tempted Lord Lonsdale into his picturesque white ducks, the wearing of which always strikes me as superb balance between the Victorian sublime and the indignity of the ridiculous. And only Lord Lonsdale could avoid the latter. The coolest moment of the meeting was the dead heat of Gentleman's Relish and Coaster. It certainly was a complete frost! The usual personalities of the York meeting were to be seen, the Hon. George Lambton, tall and svelte, Lady Sibell Lygon, Lord Durham, Lady Harrington, Lord and Lady Grimthorpe with their large house party from Easthorpe Hall, Lady Helena Fitzwilliam, and so many more for whom not all the excitements of Le Touquet, Antibes or far-flung Brioni will tempt from the thrills of the turf.

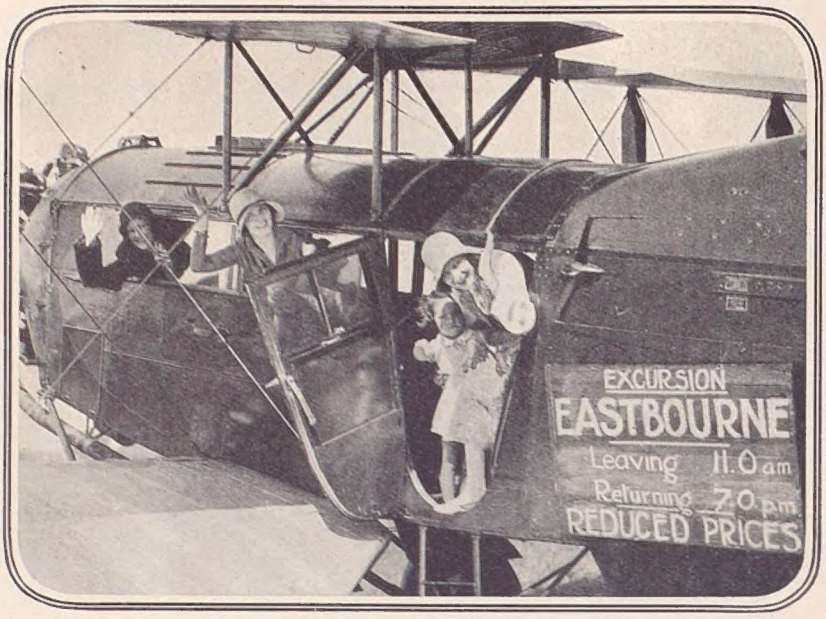
Miss Ethel Mannin's wholehearted championing of Germany which appeared in last week's issue of "The Bystander" has called forth a reply from Mr. Aubrey Hammond, the well-known artist. In our next issue there will appear an article, illustrated by himself, in which he talks amusingly of the "Polish Corridor" and, what he calls, the "Sex Urge" along the Baltic

Is London Emptier in September?

WITH September and the partridge comes the return of those who have been the guests of other clubs, to their own premises, newly polished, painted and cleaned. "And, dammit, I hardly recognise the place without the old dirt," declared one member to me as he resumed his once familiar chair. Clubs, I find, are often emptier in September than August, for it is still a snobbery that, though one may be seen in London three weeks after the "Twelfth," it is a conceit to be, or pretend to be, away for the best part of September. During the heat wave not a man in any of the three clubs I entered had the temerity to sit in his shirt sleeves, though the heat justified it, and I was ever so politely refused permission to dine in white flannels! It is astonishing the discomfort we suffer for the preservation of appearances!

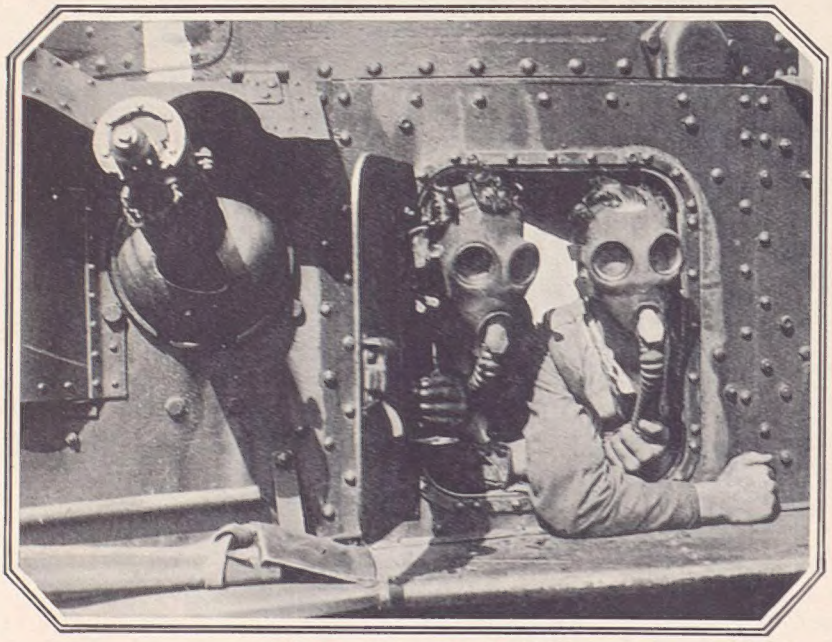
Not, however, is it thus at one club, if I may so call the nightly gathering of enthusiasts at the promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall. In the Promenade men reduced their

HOW THE WORLD IS WAGGING ALONG—



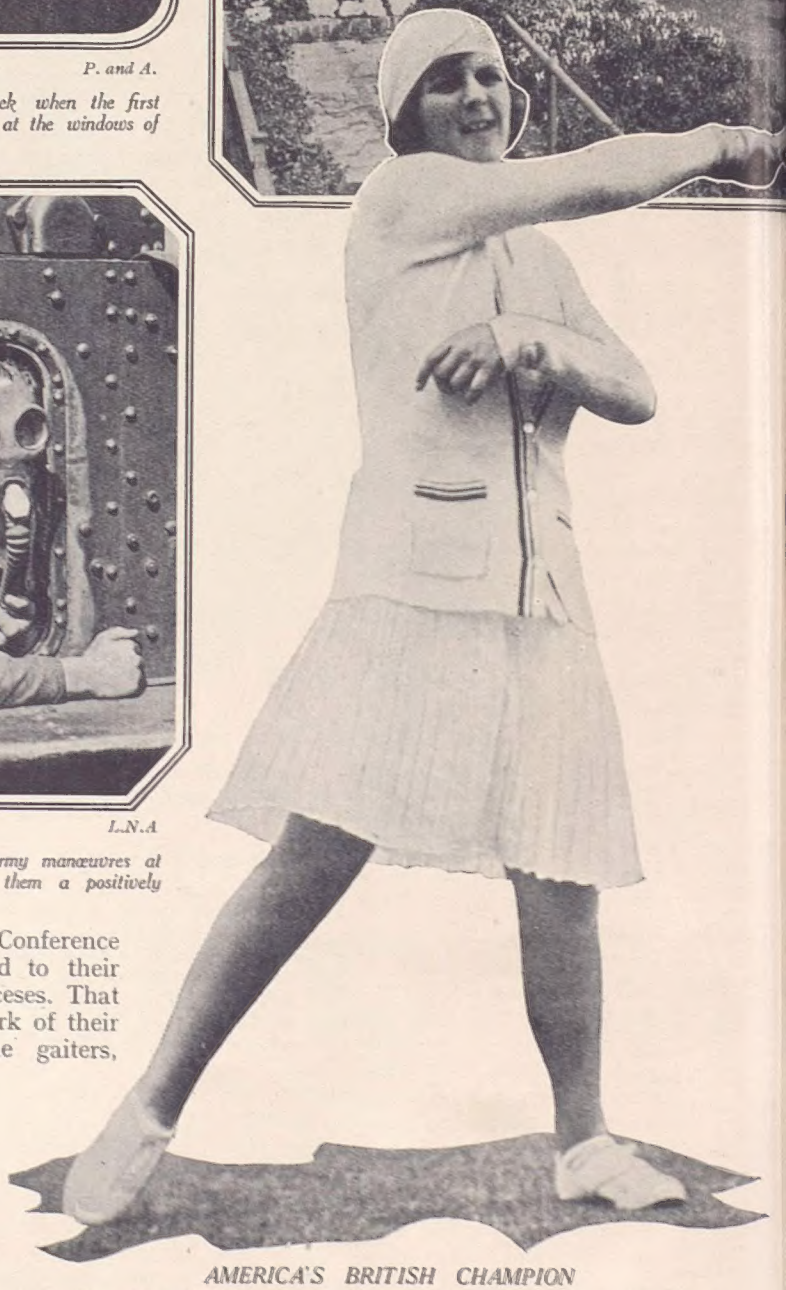
POPULARISING FLYING *P. and A.*

Another step in the progress of civil aviation was marked last week when the first excursion 'plane left Hanworth for Eastbourne. Passengers are seen at the windows of the cabin waving good-bye before the flight started



"BABY" AND ITS NURSES *L.N.A.*

Two of the crew of a "baby" tank which took part in the Army manœuvres at Aldershot ready for action. Their small box respirators give them a positively startling appearance



AMERICA'S BRITISH CHAMPION

Betty Nuthall playing in the American Championships at Forest Hills. Her splendid victory in the Ladies' Singles proves that Betty is by no means the back number some critics have suggested she is

clothes to almost Lido limits. Even the goldfish in the middle of the hall must have felt hot, for the surrounding blocks of ice melted with almost visible rapidity. I cannot, however, record that Sir Henry Wood discarded his dress coat, or that Mr. Gustav Holst, Sir Hamilton Harty, or the Hon. Henry Lygon—that indefatigable Wagnerian—whom I saw on two successive visits, dared convention by revealing their braces.

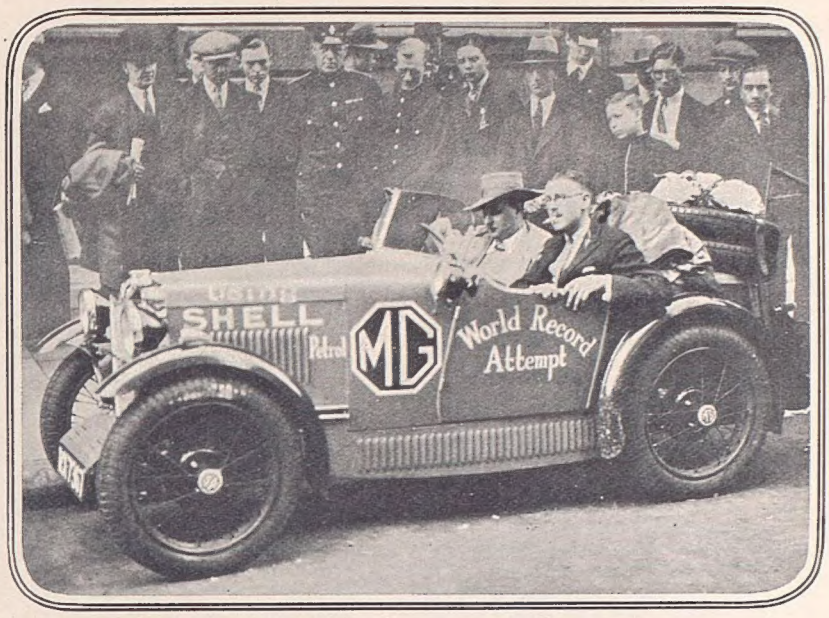
The Tallest Bishop.

Not all the Bishops who were assembled in London for the Lambeth Conference have dispersed to their respective dioceses. That anomalous mark of their preferment, the gaiters, may be observed hurrying from St. James's Square and the London Library, or refreshing their artistic con-

— THE BYSTANDER COVERS THE NEWS

RUS IN URBE Photo Press

A pleasant retreat during the heat wave which had London sweltering last week. The roof garden is on the top of Adelaide House, from which can be obtained a wonderful view of the shipping on the Thames by Tower Bridge



ANOTHER ADVENTUROUS "BABY" Central Press

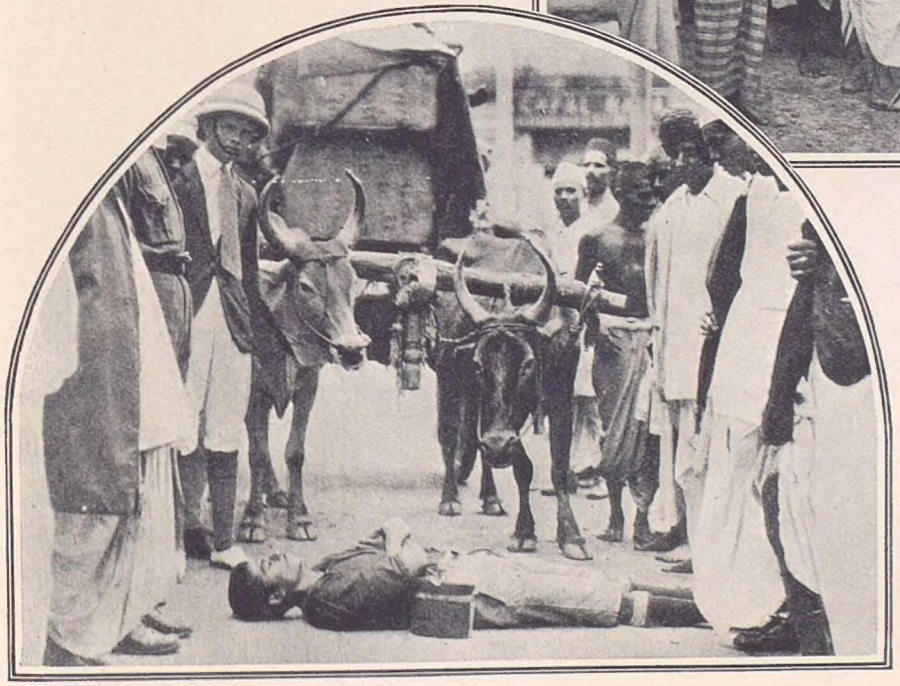
Captain Max Hay and Mr. Woolveridge setting out from the Royal Automobile Club, in Pall Mall, in the baby car in which they hope to cover 25,000 miles round the world. They propose to average 200 miles a day, a feat which as every motorist knows, is no light one

ceptions at the National Gallery and the British Museum. One, who must surely be the tallest Bishop in the episcopacy of the Church of England, is Bishop Talbot, of Pretoria, and many may have remarked his outstanding figure striding through London's streets these past weeks. A brilliant scholar, a President of the Oxford Union when he was at the University, he has yet been satisfied to devote his energies in the partial obscurity of the Dominion, and it was due to his enthusiasm and work that the first diocese of Johannesburg was formed. It is to such men as Bishop Talbot, Bishop Carey, of Bloemfontein, and the Archbishop of Capetown, who has just retired, that the

Topica

A RENEGADE TO HER RACE

Curious and scarcely friendly eyes on Miss Madeline Slade, Ghandi's devotee, when she arrived in Calcutta to address meetings on civil disobedience. She is the daughter of the late Admiral Sir Edmund Slade, and is known as Mirali to her fellow Ghandi-ites



ASKING FOR IT! Central News

One of Ghandi's Congress Volunteers takes things lying down in an effort to dislocate traffic in Bombay. He is seen lying across the gateway of one of the goods sheds, defying the bullock-cart driver to do his worst

HALF A MILLION PERSONS AT SOUTHEND'S FETE

Some idea of the size of the crowds which took advantage of last week's glorious weather and visited Southend. Decorated cars are seen moving along the esplanade by

Planet News

A first prize winner in one of the tableaux contests which were a feature of Southend's Carnival, whose sorry story speaks for itself. The brilliant weather attracted enormous crowds to witness the ceremonies, which were remarkable for their cheerfulness

L.N.A.

THE SWEETS OF OFFICE!

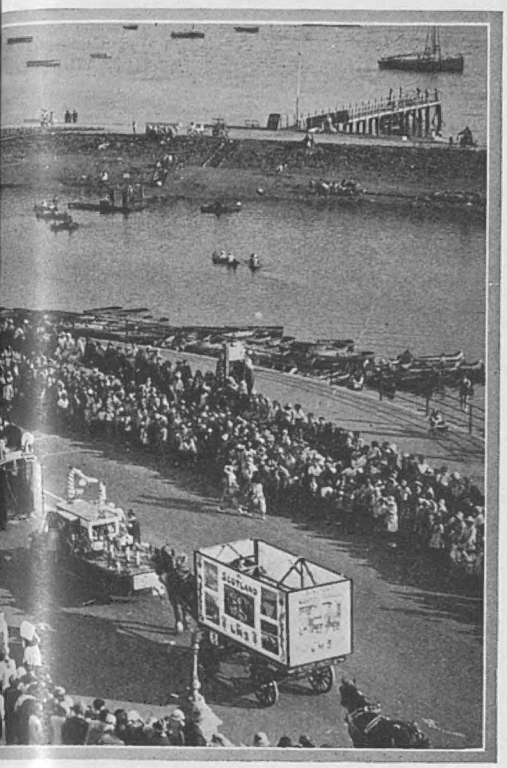
The Mayor of Southend greets the Carnival Queen, Miss Gladys Thompson, with old-world grace on her arrival. Meanwhile Mr. J. H. Thomas coyly awaits his turn to pay homage to "Her Majesty"

Church in South Africa is so much more a vital force than it is at home.

Golf in the Thames Valley

I HAVE been playing golf recently in the vicinity of Maidenhead; at Burnham, though not in sight of the beeches; at Sonning-on-Thames; at Temple, that switchback course with its beautiful panorama of Marlow and the river; at the new Berkshire golf club in the midst of the Bagshot gorse, inviting justifiable comparison

THE ACTIVITIES OF THE CHAMBERLAIN FAMILY



Sport and General

e Carnival is to be obtained from the above photograph.
lace Hotel

Photographs

Lady Chamberlain with her second son, Lawrence, off for a round of golf on the links at Taymouth, where Sir Austen and his family have been "en vacance"

with some of Scotland's great links; and at the admirable Maidenhead club itself, whose fairways and greens can never have been playing better. I was there while the embers were still smouldering from the disastrous fire at Shoppenhangars, Mr. Thornton Smith's beautiful house. I was the guest that day of one of the Maidenhead Club's early members, an American, Mr. William H. Farr, but one of those Americans so long domiciled here that only production of a passport could convince you they were not pulling your leg. On the club list I read the name of the Earl of Dudley, an even earlier member, I believe, though he now confines his golf to the course at Le Touquet. At Skindle's, Maidenhead, they have, by the way, installed midget golf, a game whose fascination yet evades me, but further evidence that the river is not sufficient attraction in itself today, though I did see the Hon. "Freddie" Guest embark from

Central News

Sir Austen finds relaxation in following in the footsteps of Isaak Walton whilst on holiday at Taymouth. He is seen fixing a cast as a preliminary to the morning's sport

Central News

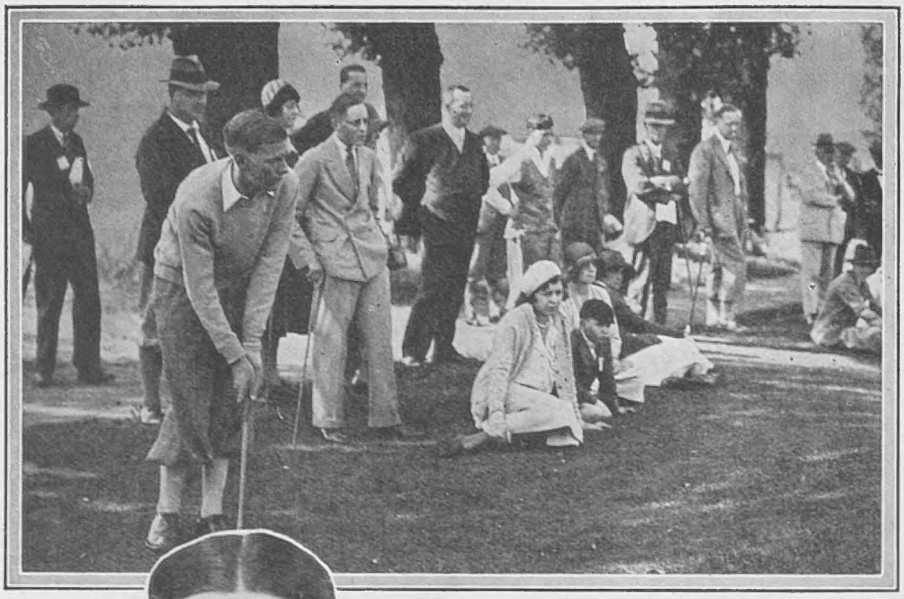
Miss Diane Chamberlain prefers more strenuous exercise than golf or fishing She is seen playing tennis on the courts at the Taymouth Castle Hotel

Skindle's with a party of friends in electric canoes.

The Un-dress Parade

FROM a man who has just returned from Cannes I hear that déshabille has reached astounding proportions—or lack of proportions—at night. By day everyone covers himself or herself with large floppy hats and pyjama suits, except when actually in the water. But at night in the summer casino a semi-transparent slip and a pair of shoes is all that is thought necessary by several of the gamblers. As at Deauville,

THE BOYS' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP



Central Press

L. R. S. Winter (Golf de Dinard, France) in action against E. R. Waugh (Ampleforth College) at the 22nd hole. He is seen playing a short pitch to the fourth hole

Central Press

Archie Andrew, an American competitor who comes from California, in difficulties whilst playing to the 18th hole in the Boys' Championship. He was beaten in the third round by H. E. Hickmott (Hutton G.S.) by 2 holes

Lenare

Miss Mary Heber-Percy, who is to marry Mr. Gerald Wellington Williams, of Shernfold Park, Frant. She is the eldest daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Josceline Heber-Percy, of Guy's Cliffe, Warwick

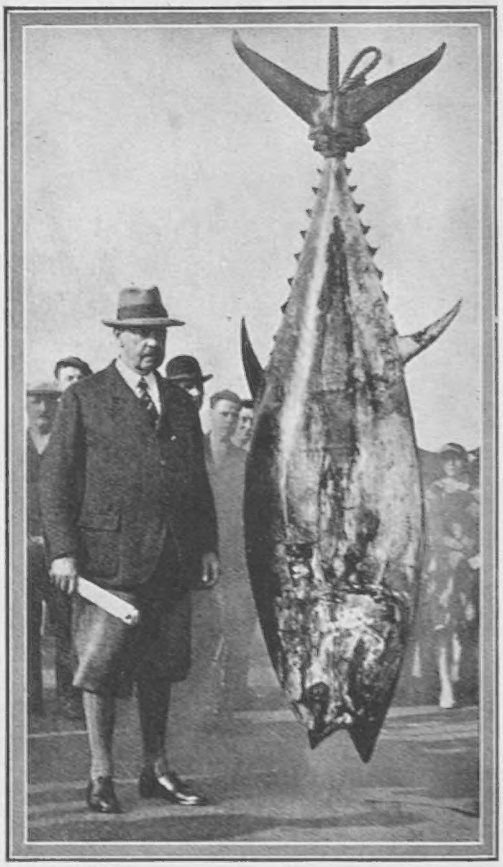
many of the young women are wearing sailor-suit pyjamas. They look very attractive, and it is only surprising that people have not thought of wearing them before. Lady Seafield, who is still honeymooning on the Riviera, is one of those who wear them.

On Honeymoon

LADY SEAFIELD does not confine all her time to bathing. The other day she was over at the tennis courts at Monte Carlo, where Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, partnered by Captain Jack Hillyard, won the mixed doubles. Admiral Sir Victor and Lady Stanley were others who took part in the tournament, while Lord and Lady Abingdon looked on.

Black and Tans

COMPETITIONS for the best sunburn are, of course, going strong on the Riviera. On one occasion the committee consisted of the Grand Duke Boris, Lord Donegall, Van Dougen, the artist, and Prince Philippe de Bourbon. I do not know the news of the actual winner, but apparently there was some discrepancy among the committee on the subject of whether a light tan was not more attractive than a deep one. Personally, I think we will find in September that very few of the really smart women are sunburnt at all. It has gone out of fashion with the shingle, and nothing is more unattractive than the colour of a tanned back when the tan is beginning to fade. It looks more like jaundice than anything else.



Sport and General

Mr. L. Mitchell Henry with the giant tunney fish he caught with a rod and line off Scarborough. This is the first time this feat has been performed in English waters and the weight of the fish—560 lbs.—is unusually heavy

WHERE THE SUN SHINES

Central Press

W. Hancock of Welbeck Abbey, the heaviest player in the Boys' Championship, in play. He was beaten in the fourth round by B. C. Godfrey (Luton Modern School) by 3 and 2. He weighs sixteen stone, and in style is reminiscent of Cyril Tolley

Central Press

James Lindsay (Falkirk), last year's winner of the Boy's Amateur Championship, driving off during this year's contest at Fulwell. At the time of going to press he is still left in and showing such good form that he may well win again this year

Raphael

MISS JOAN BURT-BRILL

The second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Burt-Brill, of Hove, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Kenneth Rimmer. She is a granddaughter of Lady Wishart

Hay Wrightson

LADY BEATRIX CADOGAN

The elder daughter of the Earl and Countess Cadogan. She recently became engaged to Mr. Henry Peregrine Rennie Hoare, the elder son of Mr. H. and Lady Geraldine Hoare, of Ellisfield Manor, Basingstoke

At Biarritz

BIARRITZ this year is more cosmopolitan than ever. The Belgian Ambassador in London, the Danish Consul in Munich, Prince George (for forty-eight hours), Miss Hutton, the Woolworth heiress, Mr. and Mrs. Bendir, the Marquis de Malaspina, the Marquis d'Arcangues, Miss Beth Leary, and several titled English people who live in strict incognito in surrounding villas help to maintain Biarritz's reputation for embracing a diversity of nations.

Getting It Hot

THERE the temperature in the shade has been 97°, tempered, however, by a grand breeze that makes bathing a very exhilarating affair. Among the English visitors are the Hon. Evan Charteris and his wife, and Sir John Leigh and his daughter. Sir John was at the now famous Roman party given by the Elizaldes and the De Landas, at which 400 bottles of champagne were drunk, and whence the guests went on to Casanova, Frisco's, Marysol, and the Casino Bellevue, some of them even going to have breakfast at Bayonne, still in their togas, helmets, laurel wreaths and sandals.

Honouring a Composer

RAVEL, the famous composer, who comes originally from Ciboure, near Biarrtiz, was fêted at the Hôtel du Palais the other day, and was so delighted that he sat down and played many of

MORE LIKELY HORSES TO FOLLOW

his own compositions in the concert room of the hotel. He was presented with a gold medal, as also was Cigolini, who arranged the whole affair, and who, according to Rudyard Kipling, is Biarritz. Cigolini has attended the wants of the King of Spain, King Edward, the Prince of Wales, and of nearly everyone else.

A Correction

In our issue of August 20 we published a page of photographs taken in British East Africa, and in the accompanying letterpress mentioned that Uruguay was among the dependencies. Uruguay being a republic in South America some thousands of miles away, we hasten to explain that the mistake was occasioned by a slip of the pen and not by a lack of knowledge in elementary geography, "Uruguay" having been written in mistake for "Uganda," one of the leading dependencies in "British East." In the same issue appeared a photograph of the new racing motor boat "Miss Britain I," in which is Mr. Hubert Scott-Paine. We stated that Mr. Scott-Paine was the designer of the ill-fated "Miss England" in which Sir Henry Segrave lost his life on Lake Windermere. We learn, however, that Mr. Scott-Paine, who is the managing owner of The British Power Boat Co., Ltd., was the designer of the first "Miss England," which was the fastest single-engined boat in the world, but had no part in designing and construction of "Miss England II," and are pleased to make this fact perfectly clear to our readers.

Sport and General

AT THE BANBURY HORSE SHOW

Miss Stella Pierce on Desirée clearing the triple bar. The photograph was taken during a heat of the Open Jumping Class

Miss Price taking the water jump at the Romsey Horse Show, which is one of the most popular of the several New Forest shows. It took place at Broadlands Park

Mr. J. G. Seddon Brown, the eldest son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Seddon Brown, leaving Emmanuel Church, Southport, with his bride, Miss Violet Bersi. The bridegroom got his half blue for boxing at Cambridge

RACING HINTS *By "Old Orkney"*

PARD carried much money at Windsor, among the wagers being £1,400 to £200, £600 to £100, and £1,000 to £200 Was unlucky not to win. Dead-heated with Flange for second place over one mile four furlongs. Keep an eye on him for a welter event.

RED SUNSET should change Vasey's luck in the near future. At Redcar was backed from 100 to 8 down to 4 to 1, but was very unlucky in running. Was three times placed earlier in the season.

OLD FRIEND. It was unfortunate for backers of Peacock's charge that he should have been disqualified after running a dead-heat. I have in mind, also, his smart performance at York in May, when he finished second to the smart Rear Admiral. Follow him up with confidence.

BARNABAS is getting on in years, but he retains his form wonderfully well. With Putter out of the way he would have landed a generous gamble by connections of the stable.

ESKDALE, heavily supported at Windsor, was very unlucky not to have landed the spoils. Lost in the last stride only to Lesteford, exceedingly fortunate to secure an opening on the rails.

FREE FARE is a beautiful mover and will win in his turn. Was backed like a certainty at Windsor. Was fourth to Glenalmond

The HON. ANGELA PEARSON'S WEDDING

The Hon. Angela Pearson, the third daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Cowdray, leaving Cowdray Park with her father on the way to her wedding with Mr. George Anthony Murray, the only son of Sir Evelyn and Lady Murray

Mr. George Anthony Murray and the Hon. Angela Pearson leaving the church. They were married at St. Mary's, Easebourne, which adjoins the Cowdray Park estates

Photographs *Central News*

AT THE PLAY

Jim Warlock (Sir Gerald du Maurier) is told by Gorla (Ann Todd) and Clemency (Gladys Cooper), her elder sister, that she wants to elope with a film star. Clemency takes Gorla abroad

Tring (Campbell Gullan) picks up Doris Lea (Celia Johnson) and Milly (Dorice Fordred) at a Soho restaurant and introduces Jim, the grass widower

PAUL ROBESON
As he appeared in the name part of "The Emperor Jones," the first act of which he included in the programme of his recent successful season at the Savoy, when he sang Negro songs, mainly spirituals, very effectively

THE WORST OF WRITING PLAYS

By William Pollock

A good way to make people dislike you is to tell them you have written a play.

You meet someone—a novelist, or an actor, or Mark Hambourg, or Bobby Jones, or the Lord Mayor, or someone—almost anyone will do—and he says, "Well, what's the news on the Rialto?" and you say, "I have written a play."

This at once irritates him, because he has also written a play, and he immediately tries to change the subject by saying, "Oh? Have a drink. . . . I see the Australians drew."

All the time he is really trying to think how he can force you to hear about his play and prevent you telling him about yours. That is the fearful thing—well, one fearful thing—about writing plays: other authors imagine that people are interested in their plays.

Even managers are not interested in people's plays. At least, not very much. You would think that if you sent a theatrical manager a play he would quickly seize upon it, open it out upon his expensive roll-top desk, and hopefully exclaim to his soignée secretary: "Ah, what have we here? A new play by that promising dramatist, William Pollock, I see. This ought to be good."

Not at all. He just puts on his fur coat, goes off for two hours' lunch at the Savoy grill, and then books a passage to New York to look for some plays.

Later, you find out that he is unable to read; and a resentful correspondence ensues as to the date on which your play was sent to him. Did he ask you to send it to him? What induced you to send it to him? and Did you keep a copy of it?

Eventually you receive it back with a letter to say how much he has enjoyed reading it, but that, unfortunately, his plans are complete for the next two years. He then produces two quick imported failures, and says, in an interview, that the theatre is dead in this country.

Several years—during which time you keep on writing more plays and your friends keep on saying, "What, another one?"—elapse, and then, one day, you are offered £100 for an option on account of royalties. The money being non-returnable, and you being hard up, you accept with alacrity, and are in a position to pay your club subscription.

Someone mentions your play in a newspaper, and the next thing that happens is the receipt of a menacing letter from a Scotsman, or Welshman, or someone of whom you have never heard, who wants to know what you mean by calling your play *The Worst Wife in Wigan*, considering that he himself has written a play called that.

Jim, as a leading barrister, presents prizes at a suburban beauty parade at the new baths and discovers Doris with a sprained ankle

He visits her home and discovers she is madly in love with him.

The fatal week-end in a country inn, where she poses as his wife

First released scenes from "Cynara," at the Playhouse, which shows the perils of leaving a Husband in the Lurch

TIME goes on, and the manager is given a knighthood—perhaps, for one reason, because he has never produced your play. His option runs out—so does your fund of hope—he goes off on a starring tour of the Netherlands, or somewhere, and so all that is left to you is to write another play and begin all over again.

This, roughly, is the worst of writing plays! W. P.

MR. PAUL ROBESON has proved his drawing power at the Savoy with his eight-day repertoire, where he gave the powerful but uncomfortable first act of *Emperor Jones,* Mr. Eugene O'Neill's drama of an overbearing black man with a veneer of civilisation who is driven, like Nebuchadnezzar, from the haunts of man, and gibbers and chatters in the primæval forest, where he relapses to savagery and madness. He also sings two groups of songs, mainly spirituals, finishing with "Ol' Man River," accompanied by Mr. Lawrence Brown—the one a huge and somewhat awkward giant, the other, small, discreet, calmly at ease with a winning manner. Meanwhile, Gracie Fields has been drawing large audiences to the Palladium with a new list of songs, but including "Body and Soul."

They meet in the Park and Jim promises to see her once more only, as Clemency is returning and he loves his wife

Clemency's return. In this scene Doris rings up and is "choked off" by Jim

The police arrive and inform Jim Warlock that Doris Lea has committed suicide. Jim is censored by a coroner's jury, makes a clean breast of it to Clemency, and is finally forgiven

MAURICE LANE-NORCOTT

on Just a Simple M.P.

By NORMAN KAY

"What! You have the impudence to offer me a bribe to repeal the Corn Laws?"

I CAN think of no better way of rebutting the recent absurd accusation of corruption and drunkenness among respected Members of Parliament than by reference to the life of a relation of mine, named Nicholas ("Old Nick") Norcott, who married my Aunt Agnes—some say for her money—leaving her shortly afterwards to become Member for Much Bounce, in the county of Wessex.

It was my relative's proud boast that in the whole course of his Parliamentary career—whether, for the time being, he was Conservative, Liberal, Labour or Independent—no one had ever known him to accept a bribe, although many, of course, shrewdly suspected him of doing so.

INDEED, my relative, who was extremely broad-minded, and could see both sides of a question with equal facility, had a very short way with those who dared to tempt him.

"What!" he would exclaim indignantly, his left eye twitching with anger. "You have the impudence to offer me a bribe to repeal the Corn Laws! Come, come, my man! You have mistaken your Member!"

"Oh, yeah?" the other would answer, very abashed.

"Utterly mistaken him!" my relative would repeat.

"Well, say a hundred and fifty, then," the briber would meekly suggest, hoping to get round my relative that way.

I AM proud to think, though, that the effort was entirely unsuccessful. My relative wouldn't demean himself by saying such a low sum. He just maintained a dignified silence which quickly brought the tempter to his senses.

"T-tell me," the man would stammer at last, completely bewildered, "j-just how much *do* you want?"

At this my relative would draw himself up to his full height and speak very clearly and distinctly.

"For myself," he would say fervently, "I require nothing—nothing at all. For the Cause, though—for that sacred Corn Cause for which every right-thinking man would gladly spend his country's last shilling and lay down her last life—say, two hundred guineas."

"Can't you make it a hundred and eighty?" the other would suggest hopefully.

"Done at a hundred and ninety," my relative would retort firmly.

NOR would this simple All-Parties man let the grass grow under his feet once he had such a Cause to work for. That very evening would find him canvassing the night resorts of the Metropolis, ceaselessly looking for farmers whose votes he felt he might influence with his honeyed words upon corn.

As for drunkenness, no one ever saw my relative even partially inebriated except when some teetotal society had sent him a bottle of fermented spirits, saying it was poison to the youth of this country, and asking for his help in suppressing its sale.

On such occasions, even at grave personal risk, he would bravely sample the concoction, and if he found it likely to affect others he would do his utmost to prevent its falling into unsuitable hands.

HOW widely he succeeded was made plain, I think, at his death. He passed painfully away from a dangerous liver complaint in 1893, leaving behind him an excellent cellar, a modest fortune, and last, but not least, my poor Aunt Agnes.

Sport and General

PROLOGUE TO THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE

General Hertzog, the Prime Minister of South Africa and the first arrival from overseas to attend the forthcoming Imperial Conference, has been comparing ideas with the Premier, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, at his house, Hillocks, Lossiemouth. He is seen in the porch with his host and Miss Ishbel MacDonald

By LESLIE BUTLER

The Customer Who Asked for a Bottle of Hair Restorer

If Gossip We

By J. Greenall

"Three lipsticks, please"
"What size, miss?"
"Two car rides and a house-party"

WE are, thank God, a loyal nation. Not only are we, except for an infinitesimally small and unimportant minority, faithful to Monarchy as an idea; we have a personal pride in the dignity and the good sense of our Royal Family and a genuine affection for the various members of it. It is good that this is so, for the puerile twaddle that appeared in certain sections of the Press on the subject of the infant Princess, who made a welcome, if somewhat belated, appearance at Glamis Castle, would otherwise have done a considerable amount of harm. Things were published (with, presumably, the best of intentions), which in other circumstances would have made the protagonists in that little domestic incident appear ridiculous. Even so, in adding my humble congratulations on the happy event I venture, most loyally and respectfully, to mingle some sympathy for the august persons nearly concerned.

LET us be sane about these matters after the burst of insanity. The Duchess of York is charming, the Duke of York is a thoroughly good fellow, and the little Princess Elizabeth is, obviously, a perfect dear. I have no doubt that her tiny sister is an extremely nice baby. Everybody is glad that nothing untoward happened. But to state that "the whole Empire went wild with joy" is a ludicrous exaggeration. If anything there was a slight disappointment, particularly in Scotland, that the princess was not a prince. But good news it was—and why not have left it at that? I was not at Glamis when the news became known—strangely enough. But I will eat all the Glengarry bonnets in Forfar if it is true that "a gnarled gillie, with tears of joy in his eyes, exclaimed, 'The lassie has a bonny wee bai-r-r-n, an' I'm michty weel pleased they are richt weel.'"

PEOPLE with any intelligence are not in the least impressed, amused or even hoodwinked by this sort of thing. And far more people have intelligence than some editorial minds imagine. The newspaper public (a pretty wide term) is not composed of credulous half-wits. The spread of education has seen to that. Yet there are those who persist in thinking that their readers must be written down to. Let anything occur that savours of "a human story," and the flood-gates of nonsensical sentimentalism are opened to send forth a positive cataract of gush.

A BREAK with the past will be the removal in a few weeks' time of

Fox Photos

SIR HENRY WOOD AT HOME

Sir Henry Wood, the famous conductor and composer, who recently celebrated his sixtieth birthday. He is seen with his daughters, Tatiana (left) and Avril, in the grounds of Apple Tree Farm, his country house near Rickmansworth

MY acquaintance with gnarled gillies is of the slightest. They may do and say all sorts of strange things. But this hardly rings genuine. If bright young reporters want to turn on the Harry Lauder stuff, they might, I think, find other occasions. And is the scribe who said that Princess Elizabeth "leaned over the cot of 'ickle sister, who woke up and smiled at her," aware that in the whole course of the world's history no baby a few hours old has ever been known to notice anyone or anything?

the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street. It was obvious that so valuable a site, within a few yards of Piccadilly Circus, could not indefinitely remain devoted to the cause of science, and somewhat dull science at that. One learns that visitors to this establishment have always been very few. But this has been one of its charms—and uses. Not all, I fear, of the few who *have* visited the place have been intent on geology. The

Must.

building is handy, and deserted. Need one labour the point? Many a troth has been plighted, if I may put it like that, in the shade of a block of iron pyrites. The specimens of ore to be seen in this building have long been many and varied.

IF we are ever going to have any summer this year, try the following as a refreshing long drink: A bottle of lemonade, a wine-glass of rum, ice in plenty. This recipe may already be in existence for aught I know, but I rigged it out for myself recently, mainly because I was driven by necessity. I was in a small Portuguese place where whisky was not and where overwhelming heat most emphatically *was*. The above ingredients happened to be available. That's all. But I have seldom found so refreshing a mixture with just that bite about it that prevents it being numbered among the types of fizzy froth that can be sold in England during the monstrous tyranny known as "closing time." It is comforting, by the way, to realise that infinitely more liberty is allowed the Portuguese than we can ever hope to dream of.

A CELEBRITY IN CONCEALMENT

Mr. Stanley Baldwin, with Mrs. Baldwin and his daughter, caught on the beautiful terrace of the Royal Hotel at Evian, on Lake Geneva, where the waters come from. The ex-Premier's followers, who have lost track of their chief's whereabouts during the Bromley by-election, now know from "The Bystander" where he is in retirement

Topical

NOEL COWARD'S NEW PLAY

"Private Lives," Noel Coward's new play, recently had an enthusiastic reception when it was presented at the King's Theatre, Edinburgh, prior to being seen in the West End. The four leading players seen above are Adrianne Allen (left), Noel Coward, Gertrude Lawrence and Laurence Olivier

NASH'S CLUB is open again after the short summer closing when Frank Covell acted as a sort of Vacation Judge, and is extending its activities farther afield. As regards membership, it still confines itself mainly (and, I think, wisely) to the Buck's Club crowd, with the difference, of course, that it is a cock-and-hen affair. But, just as Buck's has a golf tournament at Le Touquet, where every facility is given to members in the matter of accommodation, so has Nash's arranged a week-end at that delectable spot. Through Lairdways and the Hôtel Picardy members can secure for a tenner first-class return fare, with meals on the Pullman, full board,

BY NORMAN KAY

"Blue underwear this evening, Smithers, as I am going to a jazz recital"

entrance to the casino, and, in fact, practically every single thing the place offers, bar drinks and such money as one cares to lose at the tables.

Of course, this is not particularly dear, and I hear of other clubs coming into line. I do not suggest for a moment that the powers-that-be at Le Touquet came along, hat in hand, to offer such concessions. But it is a fact that Le Touquet and Deauville are not exactly having a bumper season, and it is equally a fact that these concessions are being given. Where the profit can come in at such a figure I cannot imagine. Presumably, the idea is to get as many English people over there of (to put it snobbily) the presentable type in order to make the place look prosperous, at any rate. With those who urge that people should be encouraged to spend their holidays at home I have every sympathy, and I applaud their patriotism. But until Dora is really dead I shall have to be content with applauding them—usually from the other side of the Channel.

BETTY ERENCH *Janet Jevons*

The pretty young actress who is playing the light soubrette part in "Eldorado." This new musical play opens at Daly's Theatre this evening (Wednesday)

I was glad to note, by the way, tucked away in an obscure corner of a United Empire Party manifesto, a reference to the absurdity of the English licensing and other restrictions. Does this mean that their abolition is to be one of the planks in the party's platform? If so, for heaven's sake, let it be harped upon loudly and at once—which is a mixed metaphor, but undiluted common-sense.

Midget golf is with us good and hard, and the craze is approaching in intensity that of diabolo and ping-pong. Unlike those games, however, it is likely to have a long vogue, and may even become a permanent institution. It is good fun, excellent putting practice, and extremely profitable for the promoters. I know a man who started midget golf at a small seaside place at the beginning of the summer and has already netted £4,000, with very little initial outlay. Mr. Laurillard, who is to run it in London, will probably find it a more profitable proposition than the new Piccadilly Theatre. I now hear that midget golf is to be one of the attractions at the Kit-Cat Restaurant, in addition to Sophie Tucker, the non-midget singer.

Romano's, though there is not room there for the midgetest golf, is coming into its own again. It was at Romano's that I caught my first and last glimpse of Phil May (eheu fugaces!), but I remember it very well shortly after the Phil May epoch, when the late-lamented Luigi was there—a comparatively humble person in those days. "The Roman's" lost its original character to a large extent when its famous bar disappeared (the present Romano's bar is a recent addition), and the Bohemian crowd, plus well-known bookies and racing men, sporting characters from Fleet Street, "Pitcher," and a dramatist or two, were scattered elsewhere. The Gaiety and Drury Lane crowd used to lunch and stay there; and from the balcony, half-hidden by a grille, houris graced little meals à deux and gave to this part of the establishment the name of "the Birdcage." And you didn't have to gulp down your champagne with one eye on your watch and the other on an anxious, hovering waiter.

STRANGER: "Is this a
YOKEL: "Not above a

By Wilson Fenning

"Dad, when a snake wants to wag its tail, where does it begin?"

By Stan Terry

Trust House, mister?"
couple o' pints it ain't!"

THAT atmosphere will never be recovered. I am not even suggesting that it is entirely desirable that it should be. But what Borgo, the new manager, who was so well-liked at the Café Anglais, is successfully endeavouring to do is to win back the theatrical celebrities who for some years have been north of Romano's and south of Romano's, but rarely *at* Romano's. For theatrical folk are cheery, even if they do talk "shop" incessantly, and on the distaff side distinctly decorative. Patrons who do not have to rush away to a theatre to work can enjoy a first-rate dinner-dance for half a guinea, and evening dress is not compulsory.

S

I DO not think many Englishmen—or women, either, for that matter—will be tumbling over themselves in their haste and anxiety to avail themselves of the services of Señor Arturo del Toro, the "King of Divorce," who is on a visit to this country. The good señor is so eager to be of service to those who are anxious to sever their marital bonds when they prove uncomfortably pressing that he has arranged to procure divorces in Mexico for them at purely nominal fees, the lowest of which is somewhere in the region of a mere £500. When one realises that a divorce case in the English High Court costs something in the nature of £45 if undefended, it would appear that freedom via Mexico can be too dearly bought even if one is spared the necessity of putting in a personal appearance in the courts of that enterprising republic.

S

SENOR DEL TORO emphasises that the process is simplicity itself, all the petitioners have to do being to grant him power of attorney and a divorce can then be obtained on such grounds as mental cruelty, incompatibility of temper, or lack of support. All very simple, apart from the fact, which the señor omits to mention, that our High Court alone can grant a decree to persons domiciled in England, and those relying solely on Mexican courts for a solution of their marital difficulties are liable to find they have stepped out of the frying-pan into the fire.

L. N. A.

Kathleen Burgess, the twenty-one-year-old chorus girl, who made a reputation for herself overnight. She took over the leading part in "The Three Musketeers" at Drury Lane when Lilian Davies had to relinquish it temporarily owing to illness

PEGGY O'NEIL Lenare

Who is playing lead in "When Dreams Come True." This play is now on tour preparatory to being produced in the West End

THE QUIET LIFE

The famous Dolly Sisters have stated in an interview that there is no truth in the reports that they have broken the bank on several occasions this season. They added that not only do they play for very low stakes, but that they cannot stand being at the tables at a late hour

DOLLIES never dally daily
Wooing Fortune on the baize,
Throwing mille plaques round them gaily
Whilst the crowd gasps in amaze.
Dollies never strain resources
Of the Bank by heavy play—
Not for them the "little horses";
Why, they ALWAYS say them "neigh!"

Thinking of an all-night sitting
Fills them with a wild dismay,
For to bed they're always flitting
Long before the break of day,
And whilst others sleep are losing
Till they see the sunrise glow,
In their beds they're quietly snoozing
Far away from wheel or woe.

Yes, they state without preamble
That the rumours are all wrong
For they never, NEVER gamble
In a manner hot and strong,
And despite the great successes
Which they won 'neath Thespis' wing
Each dear Dolly Sister guesses
That "the play is not the thing!"

B. W.

THE LITERARY SHOW

SHALLOW THINKING AT PRINCELY RATES

By J. A. Hammerton

Illustrated by NORMAN KAY

THE other day I read in what is presumably the most widely circulated of our daily newspapers an article by "the highest paid woman writer in the world." It happened to be the first thing from her auriferous pen that I had ever examined, and I do not hesitate to say that I have never read in print greater "tosh" by any woman writer, highly or lowly paid. I use the word "tosh" because the highest paid woman writer in the world herself uses it frequently—possibly at a shilling or two a time, so it must be a valuable word. Need I say that this lady is an American? I am quite certain that had the particular contribution been submitted by any unknown lady writer in England to the editor of the newspaper, in which it was printed in large type in the most prominent position, with flaring reminders of the earning capacity of its writer, it would have been promptly flung into the waste paper basket, which is really its spiritual home.

"It would have been promptly flung into the waste paper basket"

LET me give my readers some samples of the highest paid writing in the world by a woman. Fannie Hurst has, I know, many successes to her credit as an American "best seller," also on screen and stage. But her well-meant effort to bring England and America together by means of the highest paid writing in an English newspaper is not going to be one of her successes. I cannot imagine anything more calculated to keep an ordinarily sane Englishman at arm's length from an American than Miss Fannie Hurst's badly written and ill-considered appeal: "Can't We Stop This Family Squabbling?"

Miss Fannie Hurst, described as "the highest paid woman writer in the world," of whose writing Mr. Hammerton has much to say

MISS FANNIE has a stock of the quaintest phrases which she evidently esteems very highly, using them over and over again—each time at the highest paid rate, I presume. "An enormous amount of wood-pulp has been consumed between those alleged cousins, England and America." She never by any chance talks about paper, but we hear quite a lot about wood-pulp as she proceeds to illustrate family squabbles at a level of thought which, in England at least, would be characteristic only of the kitchen. Let me quote one of her paragraphs:

> Not that the printer's ink on wood-pulp has quite come out with this family-indictment in so many unpretty words; but out of the unspoken implication has come the reiterated plea, from both sides of the Atlantic, for amity between the cousins. More patient understanding. More toleration. Less mutual snobbery.

AFTER one has got a clear grip on what is meant by a reiterated plea that has come out of an unspoken implication, there will be no difficulty in understanding what the lady is getting at in her reference to "mutual snobbery." Dickens, we know, was wrong in writing of "Our Mutual Friend," but we know what he meant. Without inquiring too closely as to what is in Miss Hurst's mind when she talks of "mutual snobbery," let us accompany her further:

> Around the tea tables of this troubled planet, which is divided by imaginary lines and watery boundaries into States and Empires, are set into motion national and international states of mind which ultimately motivate the chess moves of the diplomatic servants around the conference tables in the halls of government.

I ASK my readers in all seriousness if they have ever read a sentence of greater nonsense than that? It suggests some half-educated young person trying to be pretentiously impressive in print. Had it been a quotation from a magazine written by schoolgirls it might have been amusing. But it is given forth by the most widely circulated daily newspaper as an example of the highest paid writing of which the women of the world to-day are capable on a theme of international importance, and as such I denounce it for the tripe that it is. Then look at such a sentence as this:

> More of the unskimmed milk of human kindness flowing from cousinly tea tables will permeate its way to those glossy-topped tables of diplomatic conference where are solemnly masticated our international problems.

Oh, boy, isn't that just cute? Miss Hurst's whole article is merely a ludicrous effort on the part of a shallow thinker and a feeble writer to appear wise, witty and epigrammatic. She talks of the "thundering forecast of what is soon to be upon us," and of "the hogsheads of printer's ink that have found their way on to wood-pulp, and not necessarily from the mouths of babes." And this, fair sirs and gentle ladies, is the sort of stuff that is paid for at heaven knows how many shillings a word. Quite possibly there are elements of greatness in Miss Fannie Hurst's short and long stories and in her films and plays, such as *Lummox* and *Humoresque*, but I am confident that they cannot be written with any degree of literary distinction, however highly they may have been paid, if I may take the contribution I have been reading as

(Continued on page 474)

"Keep an ordinarily sane Englishman at arm's length from an American"

ADVANCE PARIS FASHIONS

We give our readers three models from the House of Chantal of the advance designs for Autumn in evening and sports dress and pyjama suits. Next week "The Bystander" will start its weekly series of reproductions of the very latest Parisian models

A pyjama suit with trousers of silver and pale green lamé. The jacket and vest are in mousseline of very pale soie vert

An ensemble for sporting occasions carried out in two shades of bright green

An evening gown of striking design. It is carried out in green lamé and silver

A game of Bagatelle Polo in progress at Pourville, where it was recently introduced by Colonel Smallwood with great success. The ground is so small, it can be played in a riding school, and the use of a ball considerably larger than a polo one makes it very easy to play

Photographs

Lady Bridport (left) and Mrs. Owen, who were two interested spectators of the Exhibition of Bagatelle Polo at Pourville, a new variation of the galloping game which is proving very popular

P. and A.

Watching the Bagatelle Polo. Mr William Gardener, a cosmopolitan Englishman who is equally well known in London, Paris, New York and Pourville, and Madame Victor-Thomas, the wife of the French racehorse owner

(Continued from page 472)

typical of her prose style. I suppose the simple fact is that popular appeal in fiction and on the stage has to-day sunk to a level so low that, provided there is a story told and a certain amount of excitement awakened by the narrative, it may be written in any old way, even in "pretty Fannie's way."

S

EVEN in the old days of the penny dreadful, which I am pleased to see has recently been defended by a learned lecturer on the teaching of English, there was at least an effort to tell a tale in plain vigorous English. It is a good many years since I last looked into *Jack Harkaway's Schooldays*, but my recollection of any of the Jack Harkaway stories is that they were better written than a good deal of our latter-day fiction which achieves wide circulation. Even *Handsome Harry of the Fighting Belvedere* would, as literature, have stood comparison with a good deal of the stuff that is passing current under that name to-day.

S

I HAVE always had a friendly disposition towards the penny bloods of my youth, having read them by the score and being conscious of no ill-effect. To be conscious of sinfulness, as young J. M. Barrie was when he took his collection of penny bloods and buried them in a field at dead of night, is a horrible condition from which that seems to me the only escape. Myself I read and was unashamed, just as my friend Sir William Ramsay, the celebrated archæologist, is willing to admit—at least he has done so to me—that he has read all the detective tales of "Sexton Blake."

S

THE detective story never was my meat, but I can understand its appeal as recreative reading to one whose whole life has been spent in grave and reverend matters of history, sacred and profane. Sir William Ramsay, by the way, is now in his eightieth year, and is busy revising and rewriting some of his earlier work on the topography of St. Paul's travels. The first of his many books on Asia Minor was not published until he was forty years of age. Devotion to archæology seems to induce length of years, as many of our experts on the distant past are themselves venerable specimens of mankind. Sir William's intimate friend, Professor A. H. Sayce, our greatest authority on Assyriology, who still braves the climate of Edinburgh, celebrates his eighty-fifth birthday on the 25th of this month. When I last met Professor Sayce at Oxford a year or two back he was still as keenly alive both physically and mentally as he could possibly have been had twenty-five or thirty years been subtracted from his actual age.

S

TALKING of longevity, I am reminded that two lives can reach back an astonishing way into the past if they happen to have made contact when the one was nearing the end and the other was still in its earlier stages. James Hogg, "the Ettrick Shepherd," was born in the year before Sir Walter Scott, and, curiously enough, died in the year preceding Sir Walter's death. And here am I, just on a hundred years later, to bear witness that in the earlier years of this century I occasionally met a son of the Ettrick Shepherd who had been for many years a publisher of popular literature in London. In 1902 he was still actively engaged in publishing pursuits, but no longer conducts his own firm. Not only was the second James Hogg still alive then, but he had a brother and sister also living, the sister being Mrs. Gardner, who had written the memoirs of her father's life. Still more remarkable, perhaps, is the fact that a niece of Thomas Carlyle, Miss Margaret Carlyle Aitken, is living in Dumfries. At least I hope I am correct in thinking that this venerable lady is still as alive and interested in literary affairs as she was last year.

J. A. H.

"The penny bloods of my youth"

RIVERSIDE LIGHTS

EAST OF

BY WALTER MURRAY

OF SUEZ

The "Cheshire Cheese"
London

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Amidst the "Inns" and outs of Life **Player's Please**

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

By

RAYMOND L. GOLDMAN

As the long train of empty box-cars sloped on the upward grade just outside the city its speed was so reduced that Haley swung off with ease to find a firm footing on the gravel. In the welcome murk of twilight he flung himself face downward and lay there until the caboose rattled past him and showed its red lamps between the rails. Then he rose cautiously, and for an undecided moment stood rubbing his rough chin. Westward, just this side of an horizon still stained with the sunset, sprawled the city. Smoke hung above it. Its lights waited for darkness to give them brilliance.

Haley grunted and turned to inspect his immediate surroundings. Here, at the extreme outskirts of the city, were few habitations. Two or three shanties stood near by, and these he regarded calculatingly. With sudden decision he made his way toward the nearest one. If its occupants possessed so much as a loaf of bread and coffee, he would take the chance of bartering for them. He was desperately in need of food and something warm to drink, and in his present condition of hirsute griminess he did not dare to risk the city.

He knocked boldly at the door, and was greeted by a silence so profound that he thought the shack to be deserted; but just as he was about to turn away he heard the sharp cry of an infant within, and he knocked again. Now he heard footsteps, the door was drawn back a few inches, and a woman's frightened eyes peered out.

"What—what do you want?" she asked tremulously.

"I want something to eat," he returned. "Some bread, coffee—anything. I'll pay you for it," he added quickly.

She opened the door a little wider to see him better, wavering between suspicion and belief. Lest she close and lock the door on him, Haley insinuated his foot between it and the threshold.

"See here," he said, taking a bill from his pocket, "I'll give you a dollar for a cup of coffee and some bread. What are you afraid of, anyway?"

"I—I thought you was a cop," she declared tactlessly; and Haley's eyes brightened with interest.

"Well, I'm not," he assured her. "I just swung off a freight, and I'm hungry."

SHE let him in, locking the door behind him. Just enough of the fading twilight filtered in through the windows to enable him to discern boundaries of the room and a doorway that led into a second room.

"Better make a light," he suggested. "Got a lamp here?"

He took a match from his pocket, and she gasped: "No lights! You mustn't—"

"Aw, go on!" he laughed. "The cops won't come any sooner if you have a light."

He found an oil lamp on the table and lighted it, despite the woman's protests. She was young, thin and pale, quivering with fear. The baby on her arm whimpered weakly, its face yellow as wax.

"Well," he asked, "how about something to eat? Got anything in the place?"

"Now we have," she replied, stressing the first word; and the statement was not unlike a groan.

There was some coffee in a pot, and she had only to heat it on the rusty kerosene stove. On the table she placed half a loaf of bread and some slices of sausage. After an eight-hour fast it was a banquet to Haley. When he had eaten his fill he loosened his belt and put the dollar bill into her hand.

"Now then," he said, "what's this business about cops coming here? Let's hear all about it. Maybe I can help you."

She dropped into a chair at the other end of the table, her baby clasped tightly against her breast, and for a moment she was silent as she stared ahead with anguished eyes.

"Nobody can help us," she moaned at length. "Nobody can help us."

Haley found a cigarette in his pocket and lighted it.

"Well, what's the trouble?" he urged. "What did you do—steal some food?"

"My husband did," she replied. "He was crazy to do it. Not food. It was money."

"So that's it!"

"We was starving. He couldn't find work. He tried and tried, and nobody would give him work. So a few hours ago he held up a gas

THE DOOR

By DAPHNE DU MAURIER

This is the end, then? this, no further seeking,
Dissolve into a nothingness,
Like cracks of broken sunlight
In old glass—misleading for a time,
Suggesting hidden meanings which can only be revealed
By observation:
Lean into a well, and watch the smooth
Round water, motionless.
If you breathe, the surface, agitated,
Forms into a thousand wrinkles,
Breaks and moves,
For one second there is life upon the ocean,
One second only.
When we set out, they told us that the door
Led to a greater vastness
And beyond, still greater.
We smiled, knowing their sound advice was valueless;
And took long in opening the door,
Which led, of course, once more into the room.
We were not deceived, though,
Not for a moment . . . .

Illustrated by
GEORGE SOPER, R.E.

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station and as a result got twelve dollars."

"Where's he now?"

"I don't know."

"Listen," he said, taking his stand directly in front of her, "there's no use trying to pull that kind of stuff with me. When you talk to me you're talking to an expert. What's more, I'm telling you that I ain't a cop, and you don't have to be afraid of me. I may even be able to get you out of this mess. Your husband is in this shack, ain't he?"

"No! No, he ain't!" But she glanced involuntarily toward the doorway to the second room.

Haley laughed aloud. "If you expect to fool the cops you got to do a lot better than that," he declared. "So he's in the other room, is he? Hiding under the bed, I guess!"

HE started toward the doorway, and the woman, with a sobbing cry, sprang up and frantically grasped his arm.

"Don't go in there! He ain't in there, I tell you! You're a cop! You fooled me!"

Haley took her by the shoulders and gently pushed her back into her chair. The baby had fallen asleep; but now it wakened and began to cry. Haley walked to the doorway and called into the dark room.

"Hey, you! Come out of there! Hiding in there won't do you no good if the cops come here."

The man who finally stepped into the front room was stricken with fear. He leaned back against the wall near the doorway as though his legs lacked the strength to support him. Haley looked him over shrewdly. He was but a little younger than was Haley—about thirty—and approximately of Haley's build and stature. And, like Haley's, his face was covered with a stubble of dark beard.

"Buck up, fella!" Haley told him. "This ain't no time to turn yellow. You got to work fast if you want to beat out the cops!"

"Who—who are you, anyway?" the other managed to stammer.

"What's the difference who I am?" snapped Haley. "It's enough that I ain't a cop and I'm trying to help you and your wife and kid. I got part of the story, but not enough. You heard what your wife told me?"

The man, still cowering against the wall, began to wring his hands.

"I—I never meant to do it! I was—like crazy! I couldn't find work——"

"I know all about that," Haley interrupted. "The poor kid needed milk. You two needed something to eat. I got that straight. What I want to know is: how do you know the cops are on your trail? Did anybody recognise you? Come on! Tell me exactly how you did the job."

Haley's manner and tone were dominating. The man answered almost mechanically:

"I tied a handkerchief across my face. There was only one man in the station. I walked in and kept my hand in my coat pocket like I was holding a gun. I never had no gun, but the man thought I did. He backed up and put up his hands. So I opened the cash register and grabbed a handful of bills. Then I beat it. I ran around the corner and through an alley. That's how I got away."

"Not such bad work," Haley commented thoughtfully. "This your first job?"

"So help me God," sobbed the broken man, "I never done anything dishonest before!"

HALEY shrugged. "Well, that ought to help you if the cops do nab you. First offender. Wife and kid starving. Not toting a gun. Anybody would feel damn sorry for you. In this State the most you'd get is one to ten years, and you'd be out in two or three."

Haley's statement, so casually uttered, seemed to knock the man's legs from under him. He dropped to his knees, his face buried in his hands, and his groan was like a death rattle in his throat. Haley looked down upon him scornfully.

"Aw, cut that! We got to work fast, I tell you. Now look here: if nobody recognised you, how are the cops going to find you?"

"They'll find that licence," the man shivered.

"Licence! What licence?"

"My driver's licence. I had it in my pants pocket. I stuck the bills in that pocket, and when I drew out my hand I guess I pulled out the licence. Anyway, it's gone, and I know I had it before I robbed——"

"So! Well, I guess they'll trail you all right. Is this address on the licence?"

The man shook his head. "It was from back home. We drove here from Illinois about a month ago. We was going on to the coast when the money gave out, and we stopped for me to get a job. But I couldn't get one. Then I had to sell the car for thirty dollars, and a coupla days ago that money give out. So——"

"Then you're strangers here?" Haley cut in eagerly. "There's nobody around here that knows you?"

"Nobody knows me. That's why——"

"And back home, if they wire for dope on you, you got a good rep?"

"I never in my life——"

HALEY did not wait for him to complete the sentence. He turned away and stared thoughtfully at the frail

"Buck up, fella!" Haley told him. "This ain't no time to turn yellow!"

woman in the chair, at the puny, yellow-faced baby in her arms. The woman returned his gaze with wide eyes, half frightened, half hopeful. She seemed to sense that a surcease of misery and horror was at hand.

Haley paced the length of the room several times; then

stood again before the man who still knelt on the floor.

"What's your name, fella?"

"Tom Graham."

"What's your town in Illinois?"

"Allsburg."

"Got any relatives who might hop a train and come here if they heard you was pinched?"

"No."

"All right, then," said Haley in a tone of finality. "I'm going to get you out of this. You got a wife and kid to think about, and you got to buck up and do your part, or you're out of luck. They'll find that licence all right, and they'll be here after you as soon as they get the trail. Get up off that floor and listen to me!"

The man rose, dazed, bewildered, but sharing the hope that glowed on the cheeks of his wife.

"When the cops come here," said Haley, speaking rapidly, "you'll be in the other room, hiding under the bed again. But I'll be here—and I'll say I'm Tom Graham."

"You! But they'll——"

"I'm doing the talking here!" snapped Haley. "I'll say I'm Tom Graham. And you"—he turned to the woman—"you act like I'm your husband. You hear? They'll take me away and I'll be up before the judge. And I want you and the baby in court when they give me my sentence." He turned again to Graham. "As soon as they take me away to-night—if they come here to-night—I want you to hop the first train out of town. Shave and clean up and take the first train to Salt Lake. As soon as I get the sentence your wife and kid can join up with you there. Now wait a minute!" he added as Graham opened his mouth to speak. "I know you're flat broke. But I ain't. I'm going to give you a hundred bucks right now. Now, have you got all that straight? Here's the coin—a hundred bucks. I'll keep just eleven dollars on me—what you stole, less what was spent for food. Leave fifty bucks under the bed for your wife."

Graham accepted the roll of bills with a trembling hand. He looked down at the money in his palm; he looked up at Haley; he looked over at his wife, and their eyes met and melted in bewildered tears.

THROUGH the stillness of that magic moment Haley's sharp ears detected a distant sound. He walked to a window, pressed his nose against the pane, shielded his eyes with his palms, and gazed out into the twinkling night.

"Somebody's headed this way!" he whispered excitedly, turning back from the window. "Get into that other room, Graham, and keep quiet as death! You'll be out of this soon, and take my advice, never pull a stunt like it again. It takes brains to be a good crook, and you ain't got 'em. You're just a bum amateur. You never ought to have anything on you to identify you in the first place. . . . Shhhhh! Beat it, Graham! Your wife and kid will meet you in Salt Lake within a week."

Graham scurried into the dark room. When the detective knocked at the door Haley opened it, cringing back from the badges that reflected the lamplight into his frightened eyes.

"Are you Tom Graham?" demanded one of the officers.

"Yes," said Haley with abject submission. "I—I'm ready to—go along with you."

THE case of the State v. Thomas Graham was disposed of two days later. Because it was the defendant's first offence; because reports from Allsburg, Illinois, gave him a good character; because a weeping wife appeared in court with a wan baby on her arm; because of all these extenuating circumstances the Court imposed the minimum sentence—six months in the county jail.

Haley had looked forward to serving a year, at least; but six months, he decided, as he was at last locked up in his cell, would probably answer his purpose.

He sat on the edge of his hard cot and smiled at the bars of his protecting cage.

"You have got to have brains in this game," he reflected with satisfaction. "You got to do quick thinking. Within twenty-four hours them New York bulls would have caught up with me. I never could have got away this time. And then it would have meant the electric chair for me. But the last place they'll ever look for me is here, as Tom Graham, in the County Jail. And before six months is past they'll give it up. They ought to be darned glad to have a racketeer like Hogan killed, anyway."

R. L. G.

FILM NOTES

To bed. An amusing scene in the film version of "The Middle Watch." It seems a pity that the stage artists who contributed so signally to the success of the play were not cast in their original parts

A. P. Herbert, A. J. Villiers and Jock Orton discussing the script of "Windjammers" on Mr. Herbert's "Ark" on the Thames at Hammersmith

ROMANCE AND CHEWING GUM

By Lionel Collier

To my mind Maurice Chevalier's third picture, "The Big Pond," which is now at the Carlton, is far and away his most successful. The reason also is not far to seek. The film does not depend solely on the charming personality of the French star, as the other two have done.

In the cast is George Barbier, who gives a brilliant characterisation of the American business man who puts business first, last, and all the time, and has no use for Pierre (Maurice Chevalier), a French guide in Venice, who dares to make romantic love to his daughter Barbara. In passing, one may say that an equally good characterisation comes from Marion Ballon as his wife, who favours romance in preference to her husband's somewhat prosaic occupation of making American jaws ache with the best and purest of chewing gum!

Another point in the film's favour is the presence of Claudette Colbert, a French girl who, through her American experiences, has forgotten she was once French in speech, but keeps up the illusion in her charm. She, of course, is Barbara.

The whole thing, directed by Hobart Henley, is in its essence a delightful satire on America's worship of big business.

Louise looks coy. Louise Fazenda and Regiment."

That is probably why several American critics sought fit to condemn it as whole-heartedly as it deserves praising.

S

You see the father, to cure his daughter of her infatuation for the romantic guide, takes him to America and ill-treats him in his chewing-gum factory, hoping that he will return to Europe. Instead of which the gallant Chevalier "makes good" and becomes so imbued with the business instinct himself that his erstwhile fiancée turns him down. This would really be the logical ending, but to please the public we have her change her mind when he carries her off by force—still reiterating his love of big business.

S

It is an excellent show with some—and not too many—tuneful numbers interspersed amongst the sincere and entirely risible characterisations.

S

An interesting comparison can be made between Doris Keane's stage interpretation of Rita in "Romance" and that of Greta Garbo's on the screen. The picture is now to be seen at the Empire.

The first thing that strikes me is that Greta Garbo's performance is entirely un-Latin. It will be remembered that Rita is of French extraction. Her voice, while fascinating, is hardly suited to the saccharine romance which is the basis of Edward Sheldon's play. Apart from this her emotion is excellently expressed and extremely well balanced. Lewis Stone is also very good as the high-principled clergyman who wins her love and repudiates it, only to return and be saved from himself by Rita.

S

I do not often touch on books on films in these columns, but one I can recommend to all those who study pictorial art at all seriously is "The Film Till Now" (Jonathan Cape, 10s. 6d. net), by Paul Rotha. It traces the advance of cinematic achievement in America, Russia, Germany, France, Great Britain, Sweden and Japan during the last twenty-five years in a most illuminating way. Moreover, it has a wealth of unique illustrations of pictures which have marked the progress of this newest of dramatic interpretations. It does not deal with the talkies, but takes us up to the period where a complete revision and assimilation of ideas is necessary.

S

The talkies have not yet produced anything to equal such silent masterpieces as "The Street," "The Wonderful Lie," "Thérèse Raquin," "The Nibelungs," "The Pilgrim," or "The Student of Prague," but they are certainly moving that way. A rather interesting comparison can be drawn from two pictures recently shown. One is Lon Chaney's last silent feature, "Thunder," and the other his first—and, unfortunately, last—talkie, "The Unholy Three." Chaney was one of the die-hards who declared he would never talk, and his secession has left only Chaplin as the champion of silence.

S

"Thunder" is not a particularly good picture. It is just a railway melodrama, but even so it has more attraction than the elaborate spoken crook drama in "The Unholy Three." Chaney tries in it to be a one-man band. He not only affects various disguises, but also tries to be the master of as many different voices. The silent version leaves its articulate successor miles behind. The reason is that the dialogue strains the credulity to breaking point. What one overlooked in pictorial form becomes amazingly intrusive in the talkie.

L. C.

Louise Fazenda looks horrified and Lupino Lane envious of the lovers on the right of the picture. A scene in "Bride of the Regiment," a First National Vitaphone Film

Phillips Holmes and Nancy Carroll in "The Devil's Holiday." In this picture Nancy Carroll takes the part of Hallie Hobart, the demoniac gold-digger who sets her traps for men and snares herself

Lupino Lane in an amusing scene in "Bride of the" to be shown to the trade shortly

PARIS GOSSIP

MARRIAGES, MOTORING AND MAGIC

By Sylvia Lyon

Illustrated by A. GALLAND

THE finale of the wedding of the Princesse Amédée de Broglie to Don Luis de Bourbon, Infante of Spain, was but a prologue. The ambiguous silence with which the family of the Princesse reacted to all inquiries was necessitated by their own ignorance as to whether or not the marriage had taken place. But now we know that the wedding is postponed, as the Princesse's family, represented in the person of the Duc de Brissac, is bringing a suit to declare the almost-octogenarian Princesse incompetent, thereby preventing the marriage. Another obstacle is that Don Luis, who, although deprived of his Spanish titles, is nevertheless an Infante of Spain, and must have the consent of his King before he can marry. This consent has so far been withheld by King Alfonso. But the anger which the Princesse de Broglie is naturally expressing at the civil suit being brought by her own children will only increase her determination to marry Don Luis. The technical accusation of incompetence is a bit far-fetched, because the Princesse has always been known for her shrewdness in managing her business affairs. She could probably turn the tables on her family by referring to the time she paid off enormous and urgent debts contracted by her stepson, which was purely voluntary on her part, as her fortune did not come to her from the Broglies, but from her own family, the sugar Says. She has more than once proved herself to be a "sugar-mamma," as the Americans say, but whether she will remain sweet-tempered under this treatment remains to be seen.

"At every crossroads the chauffeur would suddenly develop eye-trouble when it came to reading signs and road maps"

THE other day I heard a new (is it possible!) story about Don Luis de Bourbon. Last summer he was touring Switzerland accompanied by another Spaniard and an American woman who had married into a great French family, and ever since has been doing all in her power not to live up to it.

The ultimate objective of the journey was Lucerne. The car was good, the roads were excellent, the chauffeur was Swiss, but they could never reach Lucerne. At every crossroads the driver would suddenly develop eye trouble when it came to reading signs and road-maps. Whenever the blue waters of the lake were glimpsed the car would develop engine trouble, and the chauffeur would turn the car towards the nearest garage in the opposite direction, as though the Lake of Lucerne were a sinister mirage.

ONE afternoon when the car stopped before a garage for some minor adjustment Don Luis became impatient, and asked the mechanic how long the repair would take, and how far it was to Lucerne. An alarming wink from the chauffeur caused the mechanic to make an evasive answer. The party descended from the car and went to the nearest hotel for tea, leaving the chauffeur in the garage to look over the whimsical motor. The trouble was infinitesimal, if not non-existent, and the mystified mechanic invited the chauffeur for a

(Continued on page 487)

Sir George and Lady Bettesworth Piggott in the flower market at Aix-les-Bains. They are staying at the Regina Hotel, Bernascon, in Aix

EN VACANCE AT AIX-LES-BAINS

Well-known visitors enjoying the sunshine at Aix-les-Bains. Included in the group are Sir Samuel and Lady Instone and Sir Frederick and Lady Cowen

MIMI CRAWFORD

The musical comedy star, who is appearing in "Eldorado" at Daly's Theatre. She added to her laurels by the clever way she handled the part of Eva when Vivian Duncan was taken ill during the run of "Topsy and Eva," which the Duncan Sisters presented at the Gaiety at the end of 1928

MORE BRIGHT YOUNG THINGS

Lenare

Lady Mary Cambridge, the six-year-old daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge. She is a grand-niece of the fourteenth Earl of Huntingdon

Douglas

Harry, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Dickens, and a great grandson of the famous novelist His father is the treasurer of Imperial Chemical Industries Limited

Marcus Adams

David, the little son of Major Edward and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe. His mother is the youngest daughter of the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston

Lenare

The four little children of the late Lord Montagu of Beaulieu and of Lady Montagu of Beaulieu. They are the Hon. Caroline Douglas-Scott-Montagu, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, and the Hons. Mary and Anne Douglas-Scott-Montagu

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 484)

drink. As they sat before a café the mechanic said, "See here, there is nothing wrong with your car, and you are no distance at all from Lucerne. What is the matter?"

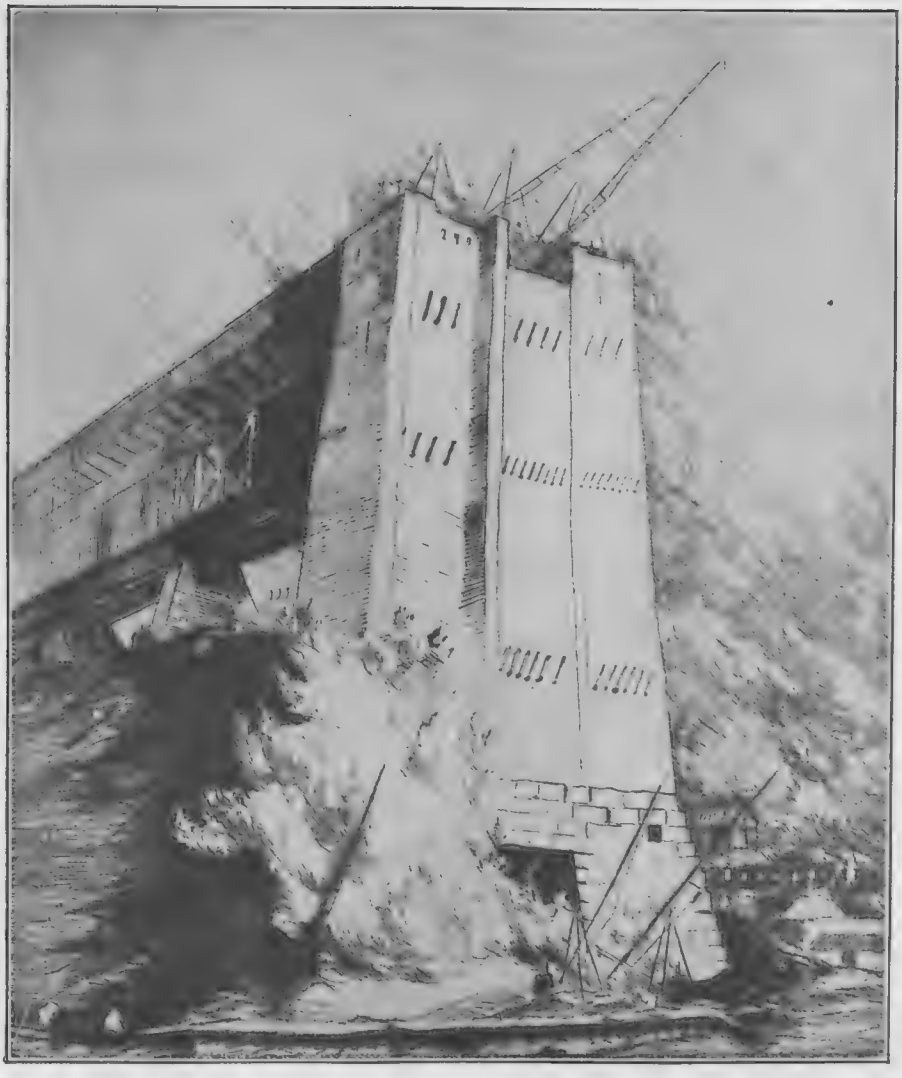
The chauffeur looked embarrassed, swallowed his drink, and his nose took an angle of eighty degrees. "I am from Lucerne," he said proudly, "and I refuse to be seen in my home-town with *such* people."

THERE assuredly is an endless variety to the reasons for changing the itineraries of summer travel. The other day I met Fannie Hurst, the American author, who is leaving Paris sooner than she intended. Miss Hurst's husband, Mr. Danielson, insists upon reading all the American newspapers published on the Continent. He finds their columns not at all to his taste, but he persists in reading them with his breakfast, and his matutinal, self-inflicted rage is such that his wife's morning is ruined, and his digestion is wrecked by swallowing antipathetic newspapers and French coffee at the same time. Both are indifferent to Miss Hurst, who has tried to make her husband give up the papers at least; she has told the hotel to forget to deliver them, but they continue to be sent to their rooms after an impatient telephone call from Mr. Danielson. She tempts him instead with *Le Matin* and *Le Figaro*. It is useless. So Fannie Hurst, her nerves shattered by the very sight of American expatriate newspapers, has decided to sail back to New York with her husband, so that morning peace will again reign.

"His digestion is wrecked by swallowing antipathetic newspapers and French coffee at the same time"

MISS HURST told a story about Houdini, an incident to which she was a pop-eyed witness. They were both at a week-end party where the illusionist acted the perfect house-guest. He put pins in his mouth and drew them out all neatly tied to a thread. The only things he didn't cause to disappear were the other members of the party. When the time came to dress for dinner Houdini went upstairs before any of the group. But in a few minutes Mrs. Houdini rose saying, "I must go up to Harry. He is so helpless; he can't even tie his evening bow."

THIS story reminded me of the alleged fact that Houdini's grandfather was a Swiss, and therefore a watch-maker. His name was Houdin, and being of French extraction he enlisted in the Army during the Algerian campaign of 1830. In his knapsack was a magnet with which he used to play all kinds of tricks upon bewildered native non-combatants. The feature of his repertoire was to hide the magnet in a little hollow over which he would place a metal-bound box. He would ask the interested natives to lift the box, which, of course, they were unable to do. As soon as a large group had assembled he would repeat his request, slyly remove the magnet, and the next Algerian would approach and put all his strength into an attempt to lift the box. Naturally the box would fly into the air, while the victim of the hoax would sit down very hard looking very foolish. But the report flew from village to village that a magician was attached to the French Army, and wherever Houdin appeared, gun in hand, and the mysterious box hanging from his cartridge belt, the natives scattered in terror, thereby making Algeria safe for wizardry. S. L.



Some idea of the vastness of the 1,670 foot span of the new Sydney Harbour Bridge can be gathered from the dry-point by Mr. J. Armstrong Neame reproduced above. It shows the south pylon of the bridge during the work of construction

"Played all kinds of tricks upon bewildered native non-combatants"

ETHEL MANNIN WRITES

MISS ETHEL MANNIN Raphael

The clever young writer, who, in the accompanying article, hands an outsize in bouquets to German life and customs

MISS ETHEL MANNIN, an intriguing figure in the younger world of letters, contributes her second article on Germany, which she terms "The Hope of Europe." She is a full-blooded admirer of Germany's beer-gardens, her mass-production flats, her everything, and especially the beauty of her youth. We leave it at that, and whilst we are admirers of Miss Mannin's cleverness, we are not to be associated necessarily with her views.
—EDITOR.

I AM not sure whether it was the steel church or the sealed dust-bins; they are equally hopeful signs, outward and visible symbols of an inward and spiritual rationality and efficiency. Or it may have been the mass-production houses of the suburbs which nevertheless contrive to be quite excitingly beautiful and individual in the matter of construction and design. Or it may have been that lovely dancing place under the trees in the stadt-wald outside Frankfurt; or that heavenly bier-garten under the lime trees on the hill above Wiesbaden; or that incredibly cheap and good meal at the Town Hall at Mainz; or the bathing places where you can lie naked in the sun; or the general adoption of rational clothing on the part of the younger generation; or the Rhine steamer services, as efficiently organised as a London 'bus service . . . I don't know; I only know that after weeks of wandering in and out of Berlin and through the lovely Rhine towns I reached this conclusion, that if there is any hope in European civilisation it is in Germany—that Germany is, indeed, the hope of Europe.

ITS efficiency is the real efficiency of sanity and a sense of life—not the soulless systemisation of America. America devotes so much of its time to making money that it has no time to live; German efficiency is essentially concerned with the real business of living. You know, when you have been to Germany, where Mr. Lansbury got his ideas for his Brighter and Better London movement. In Germany you see, there is neither D.O.R.A. nor Mrs. Grundy—which is what might be called "a distinct help." In Germany there are whole magazines devoted to the cult of the body, with lovely photographs of lovely young people lying about nude in blossoming orchards, or taking a stroll through gardens, or leaping like fauns under trees, lying naked in the sun, plunging naked into water. There are shops in every street full of pictures of these beautiful naked young people. German people haven't those odd ideas about clothes and bodies from which the rest of Europe suffers, and that is one of the things which makes them the hope of Europe. Because when a nation starts letting the fresh air get at its body it also starts letting the fresh air get at its spirit; it sheds its prejudices and superstitions with its clothes; consider what a lot of fetish and stupidity the women of this country abandoned when they began discarding long hair and unhygienic clothes! Sane dressing is a direct step to straight thinking.

THERE was recently privately produced in this country at a studio-theatre a play which could not have been publicly produced because it would never have been licensed; yet that same play was played all over Germany and was an immensely popular success. In Germany there is no persecution of sexual abnormality; it recognises the fact that some people are born "different," and that it is about as sensible to persecute them for it as to make appendicitis a criminal offence. In Germany there is no set "opera season" you can hear real music all the year round. In Germany there is a vast open-air opera house in the heart of a forest. . . . Who shall say that Germany is not the hope of Europe?

IN Germany you can dance under the trees—even on Sundays. And if you want a glass of beer at odd hours like ten o'clock in the morning, or three o'clock in the afternoon, there is no one to say you nay. . . . This, I am aware, applies to other European countries, but nowhere else in Europe can you drink such excellent beer under such perfect conditions. It may sound a very minor point in considering a country's virtues, but actually it is of quite considerable importance that in Germany you can always "get a table"; everything is done on the grand scale; the cafés are huge, the bier-gartens are huge; there is room for everyone, for whole families; there is that comfortable sense of not being crowded. And you

G.P.A.

A SKYSCRAPER IN STUTTGART

An example of the new style of building which finds nothing but favour in the eyes of Miss Mannin

ON GERMANY, THE HOPE OF EUROPE

can eat and drink under delightful conditions, and cheaply. The public restaurants run by the civil authorities are excellent—music, open-air terraces, good food, and all at "popular prices." Why shouldn't the London County Council and our borough councils and provincial municipalities clear some of the red tape and official documents out of their halls and run public restaurants in them in the same way? Sweden does it; one of the best meals I ever had in Stockholm was in the restaurant of its magnificent Town Hall.

GERMANY is the country which is not afraid of new ideas in any department of life. Only Germany could have produced a steel church.

G.P.A.

DUSSELDORF'S ROBOT HOMES

Although the tall building seen above will strike many as being too Robot-like, the author assures us that such erections are ideal in every respect

GERMANY'S CULT OF THE OPEN AIR *F. R. Yerbury*

Children by the swimming pool attached to a new housing block in Hamburg. "When a nation starts letting fresh air get at its body it also starts letting the fresh air get at its spirit," observes Miss Mannin

Modernism introduced into religion? Well, why not? Why confine it to cinemas and restaurants and domestic architecture? Churches are equally part of our modern life. Why this insistence on the Gothic? Why this clinging to the dead past? This is the age of glass and steel and concrete; of Cubism and expressionism and angles, of clean, clear lines, not of Byzantine floridities, Renaissance aridities, and Gothic traceries.

WHY should a row of workmen's dwellings look like barracks? Why shouldn't they be designed to catch all the available sunlight? Why shouldn't they have the clean lines, free from excrescences, of the modernist façade? No reason at all, so far as Germany can see, with the result that the new houses there, which are every bit as plentiful and as economically built as here, are architecturally interesting without sacrificing the simplicity which is essential to cheapness. Why shouldn't a railway station be as beautiful as a cathedral? Germany answers, "It can." So it is.

THROUGHOUT Germany second-class travel is as comfortable as English first-class, and there is always soap and a supply of clean towels in the toilet, which is more than can always be said for this country. And in Germany there really are no tips—not even to railway porters and taxi-drivers. Porters have a fixed fee for carrying your baggage; you give taxi-drivers the amount registered on the meter, plus a percentage of Government tax not registered; hotel employees accept the fixed percentage for service added to the bill, and do not, like French hotel employees, hang about in the vicinity of departing guests expecting anything over and above that.

I USED to wonder why people came back from Germany and raved about it and declared it to be their spiritual home. Now I know. It is the only possible home—in Europe, anyhow—for anyone with any spirit to house. It is officially a defeated country, yet to-day it is the most alive and vital country in Europe. It has something unquenchable—its soul, if you like. All the most artistic and most interesting films—and film actors—are coming from Germany. It is the home of the most essentially modern in architecture and decorative ideas. Its commercial art and printing processes have us beaten hollow. But more important than any of these things, its spirit is alive; it is the country of youth, and youth's high courage and free thought. It is because it is the Country of the Young, and all that that connotes of freshness of thought and newness of ideas, that it is the Hope of Europe. The sealed dustbins and the steel church have their significance, but if the German nation needed a national crest, it should be Youth rampant!

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

DASTARDLY ATTACK ON HOLLYWOOD!

By Ralph Straus

I FEAR a most sensational abduction, and herewith issue a warning to Scotland Yard. At the time of writing there is a play called *Street Scene* in active rehearsal at a London theatre. It is the work of an American playwright called Elmer Rice. Mr. Rice is now in this country and—in danger. He has written a book called *A Voyage to Purilia* (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*), in which he actually dares to poke the most furious fun at the whole of filmdom. Refuses to take even Hollywood's supermasterpieces seriously! Has the dreadful effrontery to declare that its gripping dramas of "real life" bear no resemblance to real life at all! The man is clearly in danger from Hollywood's secret agents (who would have every right to call it the most dastardly attack ever perpetrated on their country), and he ought to have police protection.

I, however, who religiously attend one cinema show every year, am delighted with the book, and I cannot help thinking that quite a number of other people (not excluding even some of the film fans) will share my opinion of its merits. You open it, and it seems to be another Jules Vernish romance. Two daring aviators leave the earth for a flight through space. They come to a strange planet, which bears a superficial resemblance to our own, but is in reality startlingly different. A planet inhabited by film-phantoms.

IN Purilia everybody is in a state of terrific emotional stress all the time. Life is one long and most amazing melodrama. Murders, abductions, hairbreadth escapes, astounding coincidences—these are everyday occurrences. And there is very little mixing of the classes. Almost immediately you can tell to which group a man or a woman belongs. Heroes, heroines, vamps, villains, grey-haired mothers, and comics—these are the Purilian castes.

AND, naturally, when our aviators arrive on this strange planet, they are immediately engulfed in as stupendous a super-melodrama as the mind of man (or Purilian) could have conceived. It must be read to be believed, and even then—— No matter: I assure you that the aviators have the time of their lives, and it is almost a miracle that even one of them manages to return to our dull earth at all.

MR. RICE has written a really hilarious book. It contains some quite gorgeous satire, and at the same time manages to combine every film stunt and every film story into one colossal cinema-nightmarish pie. Everything you have ever seen in a film is there: all the marvels and all the ludicrous mistakes. There are fights on the wings of aeroplanes, earthquakes, Chinese palaces underground, detectives, wicked landlords (who always insist on collecting their rents in person) men in the condemned cell, men about to be hanged on trees, girls tied to stakes—everything. And you laugh and laugh and laugh.

BUT the cinema magnates won't like it at all. (Is that, perhaps, the real reason for Mr. Rice's presence in this country?) They will say that this kind of thing is grossly unfair. A big industry like the films being laughed at? No! Mr. Rice must be abducted and taken to one of the Chinks' underground strongholds, and there tortured until he agrees to sign the usual necessary papers. Or will a super-magnate arise, who will discover that Mr. Rice's script is really the super-supreme masterpiece for which every other film magnate has been looking in vain for years. Yes, perhaps that is more likely to happen. For Mr. Rice's sake I hope it will. In which case, of course, our police can continue to concentrate all their attention on the traffic problem.

ELMER RICE

Whose new book, "A Voyage to Purilia" (Gollancz: 7s. 6d.), satirising Hollywood, is reviewed in this article

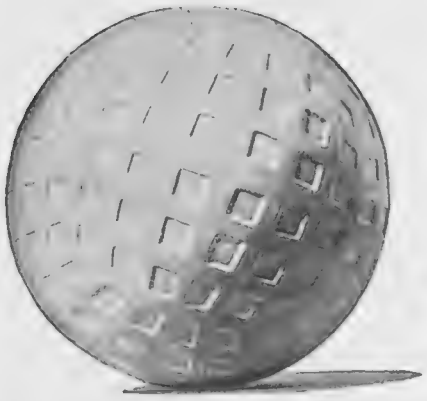
Dr. Axel Munthe, whose "The Story of San Michele" created such a success when published by Murray's eighteen months ago. The portrait will confound many people, who declared that, like Mrs. Harris, there was "No sich person" as Axel Munthe!"

AND talking about American films and the American way of doing things brings me to a kaleidoscopic novel from that remarkable country which is well worth your attention. There are points about *The Forty-second Parallel* (Constable: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by John Dos Passos, which are not altogether in its favour. It is not one story, but several, not all of which have any real connection with one another. It illustrates the passage of time with "newsreels," which read as though they had been written by Gertrude Stein in a moment of painful atavism. It breaks up the various narratives by the inclusion of more than twenty "camera-eye" views of people who have nothing whatever to do with any of the stories. Yet, regarded as a whole, it is a very remarkable book and of absorbing interest, even at such times when the author allows his political prejudices full play.

IT is, I suppose, an attempt to show twentieth-century America getting into that hundred-per-cent. American stride of hers. You have the story of young McCreary, a linotype man who is as "red" as they make them; the story of Ward Moorhouse, who gets rich almost as soon as he has bought some smart clothes; and the story of Charley Anderson, a car mechanic. And with these are included two other stories of women—both of whom fall in love, in their own different ways, with Moorhouse.

NOW every one of these stories was well worth the telling, but I am not convinced that Mr. Dos Passos's obvious contempt for the older forms is wholly justified. The camera-peeps are not so wonderfully good in themselves, and it is irritating to find a story breaking off abruptly and giving place to something entirely different.

MR. DOS PASSOS might reasonably argue that such is life, but even so I believe he could have written a rather more coherent book without being false to his ideals. However, there is some first-rate stuff in this thunderstorm of a book, and I can warmly recommend it.



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G.E. 76

FLYING NOTES

Sport and General

The Big Chief, "White Horse Eagle," seen with his wife at Brooklands during a visit to this country. He is conferring the honour of Indian Chief on Captain Davies, the pilot in charge of the plane in which he made a flight over London

THE A.A. AIDS AIRMEN

By Capt. C. E. Ward

THE Automobile Association has a fully equipped air department at the disposal of its members, under the able management of Mr. Ivor McClure, and in course of time the youngster is destined to rival its parent in the variety and scope of its work. Some examples of the A.A. aids to airmen are to be seen at Heston, where compass bearings to all the principal aerodromes are charted and a fully equipped wireless transmitting and receiving station is maintained by arrangement with Alfred Graham and Company. A library of flying maps has been installed at Fanum House, so that members may hire a set for a cross-country flight. In addition, all the business of triptyques, passports, bills of health and other what-nots required for a foreign tour is handled with speed and efficiency—a great boon to those of us who are not good at filling up forms. It is possible for a member when flying in the British Isles to order petrol and oil or a car at the next aerodrome by dropping a message at an A.A. road patrol box, the message being telephoned by the scout.

Instrument Service

IT is surprising what little attention is paid to instruments by purchasers when buying a new aeroplane, in spite of the fact that most people rely on instruments far too much when learning to fly instead of acquiring the "feel" of the machine first and checking up by the air speed indicator, the hubble or the twin indicator afterwards. Fortunately, the instrument business is in good hands in England, Messrs. S. Smith and Sons, the motor accessory people, supplying the majority of manufacturers, so that one can rely on a good set in any British machine and in most foreign ones, the firm exporting to nearly every country in the world. The "Husun" compass and special air navigation equipment made by Messrs. Hughes and Son are also sold from Speedometer House, whilst K.L.G. plugs are recommended, and, in fact, are standard on most British aircraft. Smith's were one of the first firms in the country to supply aeroplanes for their salesmen's use, and have recently appointed Captain T. Neville Stack, A.F.C., as salesman demonstrator. The Hermes Moth which he uses has been completely equipped with the firm's instruments, so that their use can be demonstrated in the air. Captain Stack has made several European tours, calling on foreign manufacturers, and at home is a frequent visitor at the various aircraft factory aerodromes.

A Problem of the Future

THE number of aircraft in use at many centres of activity at a given time has caused some deep thinking on one of the problems of the future, namely, that of air congestion. The present difficulty can be overcome by creating more aerodromes and by a strict enforcement of flying regulations in the vicinity thereof. In the case of air routes these are already divided into corridors for "outward" and "homeward" bound traffic, with special alternative routes to be followed in bad visibility. Rules for dividing the air into strata will follow, the upper limits being reserved for fast mail carriers, a medium level for air liners and touring planes of a similar speed, leaving the lowest deck for freight carriers, certain types of air taxi and the slower private machines. In order to relieve a certain amount of congestion which has occurred at Stag Lane occasionally, De Havillands have established another aerodrome between St. Albans and Hatfield, where their flying school will operate in future. It is probable that the new centre will develop on the same lines as Heston, qualifying in course of time as an airport for the north of London. The problem of air congestion is being attacked from another angle by designers who aim at producing an aeroplane with a perfect view in every direction except immediately aft and below the line of flight.

Wide World

Miss Spooner photographed on her arrival in Rome during the air race round Italy. The uniformed figure seen with her is Colonello Liotta, of the Italian Aero Club

It Should be Noted That—

THE Fifth International Air Navigation Congress is being held at The Hague this week, when many plans will be discussed for your future safety.

Mr. Lindsay Everard's private aerodrome at Radcliffe, Leicester, will be opened on Saturday next, the 6th inst. A "private" aerodrome is one that is privately owned, anyone landing there being welcomed provided that they observe the local rules.

The race for the S.B.A.C. Challenge Cup, open to light 'plane clubs and their members, also takes place on Saturday next, and a further meeting of interest is the Bristol Air Garden Party to the British Association.

Many women with perfect complexions -

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THE simplicity and effectiveness of *Pond's Complete Method of Skin Care* have reduced the time spent on beauty-culture to a minimum while increasing the number of really lovely complexions. If you have not already been introduced to Pond's Beauty Preparations, we shall be pleased to send you a box containing carefully packed samples of *Pond's Cold Cream, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener* and *Vanishing Cream.* The Coupon is for your convenience.

At least twice a day use *Pond's Cold Cream* to cleanse the tiny pores and passages of the skin in which dust and dirt gather beyond the reach of soap and water. Wipe away the soiled cream with *Pond's Cleansing Tissues*—ample, absorbent, soft as gossamer yet strong in texture, and discarded after use. Then a splash of *Pond's Skin Freshener* to brace the skin and close the pores—gloriously exhilarating. And, as the completion of the perfect toilet, a touch of *Pond's Vanishing Cream* to give the skin a pearly lustre, hold the powder, and protect from the weather.

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DOGS

TEACHING OBEDIENCE

By Lady Kitty Ritson

TRAINING brings out the very best in all dogs, and it is really a matter of patience more than anything else. At most of the shows there are what is known as Obedience Classes. These classes were started by the Alsatian breeders, whose dogs, next to the working collies, are practically the most trainable of all dogs, but Great Danes are following closely, and I believe that the Keeshond people are also about to start the same work.

There are classes open to any breed, and it is worth while visiting any show just to watch the dogs work

BUT many people do not want to take their dogs to shows, and yet would be delighted if they could teach them to walk at heel and to remain in one place till called for. If you want to teach your dog to walk to heel, you must begin by doing so on the lead. Say "Heel" to him sharply, at the same time giving him a sharp jerk if he runs forward or shows a desire to hang back. Pat him on the shoulder continually, so as to make him realise that the best place he can take up is near your side.

YOU must turn to the left and to the right, always pulling him sharply back, and at the same time patting him. At the end of a few days he should be walking "to heel" on the lead with exemplary smartness, and then you can begin with "heel free," but he must be perfect on the leash before you let him off. Of course the heel exercises are only the beginning; he will have to stay in one place for ten or more minutes while you are out of sight, and retrieve a thrown object, but all that comes later

Keystone

Sheep dogs at work penning sheep. The photograph was taken at the Welsh National Sheep Dog Trials at Saphia Gardens, Cardiff

I KNOW a girl who took to training her dog just for the fun of the thing, and she was so successful that now she wins an average of two and three pounds a week in Obedience Classes. But as I said before, that would not appeal to the average dog-owner, although to have a perfectly obedient animal, and one that can be depended upon to obey implicitly on every occasion, is always a pleasure. You can train your dog to wait for you outside shops, to track any of your friends, and to find articles you have lost. It is merely a matter of patience and perserverance.

A Hot Weather Warning

IN view of the possibility of further spells of hot weather, dog owners should carefully consider the comfort of their pets. Above all, see your dog has a comfortable, well-shaded place in which to rest during the heat of the day, and plenty of fresh water.

Motorists who take their pets out for the day, especially to the sea, should take a bottle of fresh water, and after a dog has been lazing in the sun or racing on the sands he should not be put straight into an open car without some form of covering, otherwise a chill may result.

He'd love a good scratch, but . . . don't let him have it

Slay his fleas with PULVEX

vermin powder for dogs

IT'S SUCH a simple matter to rid your dog of vermin. Sprinkle him with Pulvex, parting the hair and working it right down to the skin. It kills fleas instantly, yet it is non-poisonous and non-irritant.

Use Kerol to disinfect your kennels.

Buy it from your chemist or stores or where you buy your Spiller's Dog Foods.

9d. & 2/6 tins
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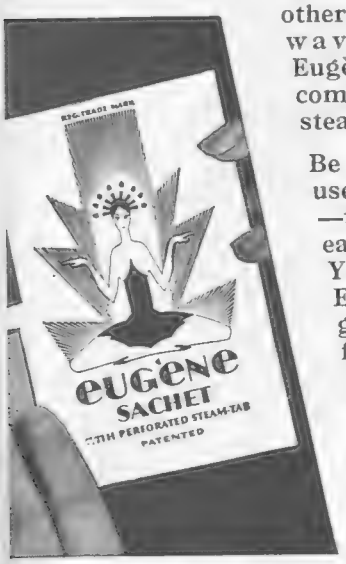

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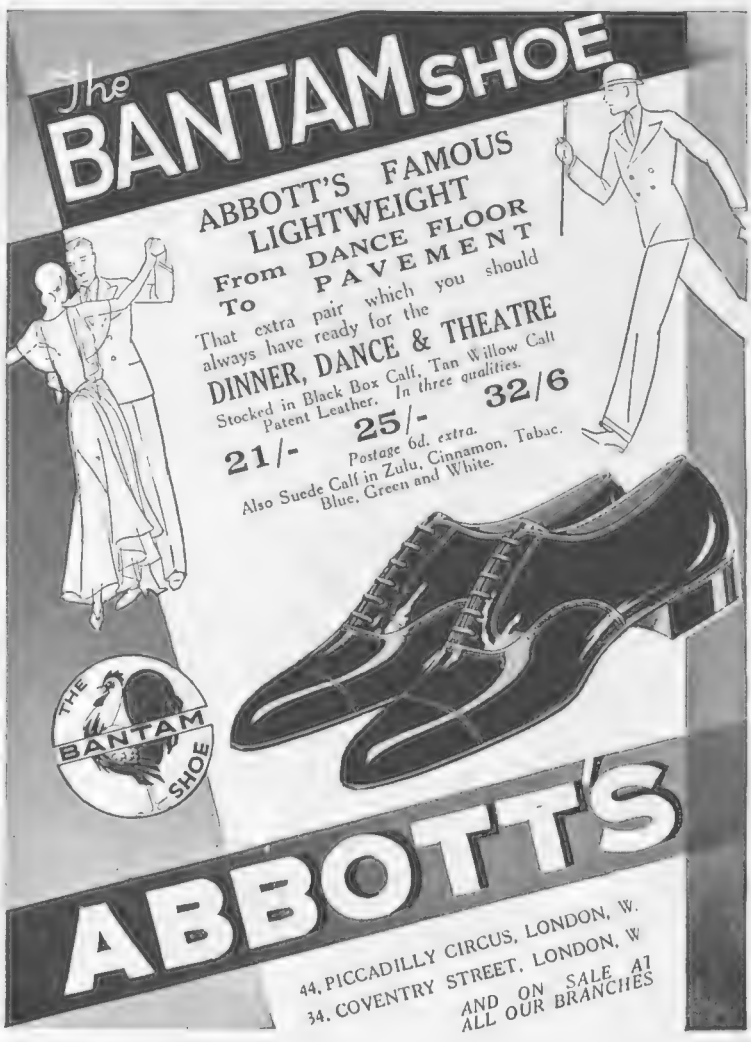
Can't Sleep—Can't Eat —Can't Work

—Victim of Self-Poisoning

Many of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins and poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick-headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.



Fashions Fancies

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph* *By Lenare*

KNITTED TWEED IS AN AUTUMN FAVOURITE

Light in weight, slender in effect, and eminently practical, knitted tweed is used for many of the newest dresses and suits. In brown, beige and orange, it expresses this all-wool ensemble from Peter Robinson. The low-buttoned cardigan has two pockets and there are deep pleats at the side of the skirt. Fine Botany wool makes the decorative jumper, with its inlaid pagoda design in Chinese colourings. It has a matching coat

The Short Coat Vogue

By Olive Caley Smith

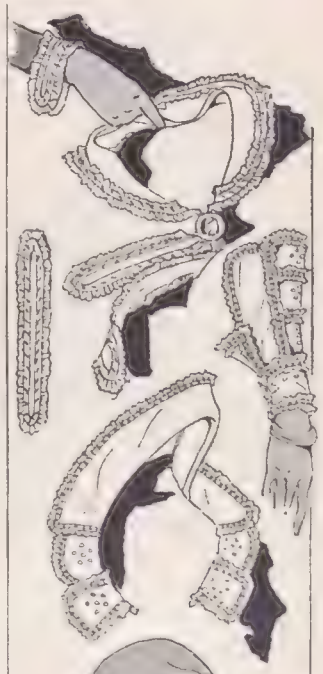
A matching cap and scarf in grey and black tweed, and a becoming cloche made of reversible red velour, with an unusual ornament at the left side. From Henry Heath

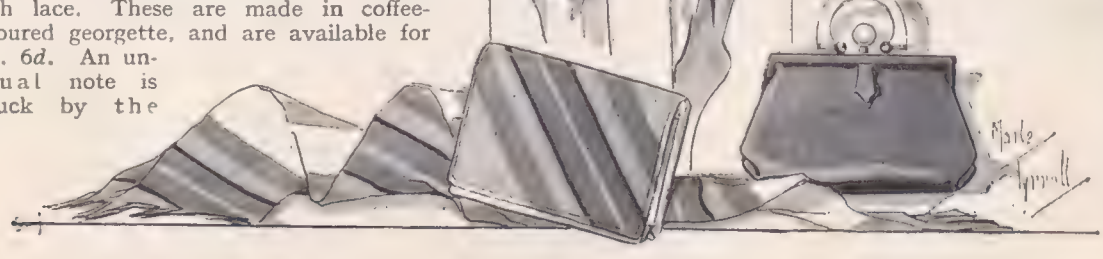
Versatile Jackets

HIP length coats are of great importance in Fashion's autumnal schemes. They are seen at all hours—in the country—at the smart restaurants—and in the most formal surroundings. Worth is showing simple three-piece suits which he has designed specially for those occasions when a sports costume is definitely too "country," and ordinary town clothes might appear unnecessarily elaborate. He uses soft woollen fabrics, very plainly tailored and excellently cut. They have either silk jersey cardigans, with round necks and short sleeves; surplice blouses of white cotton, also with short sleeves; or blouses of self material. For the more formal type of suit, velvet and broadcloth are firm favourites, or there is a very beautiful new fabric, similar to broadcloth, but with long, soft camel hairs standing out from its surface. Frequently the dress is bordered with fur, and the jacket has lavishly fur trimmed sleeves, the neck being finished with a standing "military" collar. Black and white is seen again and again, but dark blues, greens, browns, and such combinations as black and orangey brown, or black and turquoise, are also used with excellent effect.

Distinctive Accessories

DAY and evening frocks both have an air of deceptive simplicity, and, accordingly, attention is focused upon accessories and lingerie touches. In the afternoon, delicately embroidered chemisettes or novel shaped collars and cuffs lighten sombre-hued dresses. Two sets are shown at the top of the panel in the centre of this page. The first consists of a white georgette tie collar, the long ends passed through a pearl ring, and narrow cuffs, lace trimmed. It costs only 27*s.* 6*d.* Next there are gauntlet cuffs and a scalloped collar, hand embroidered, and bordered with lace. These are made in coffee-coloured georgette, and are available for 55*s.* 6*d.* An unusual note is struck by the fine wool plaid scarf, for it is lined with similarly patterned taffetas, and is therefore suitable for either town or country wear. In lovely colourings, it may be obtained for one guinea. Or, for the same price, one may become the possessor of the bag and scarf of stamped woollen material sketched at the base of the column. They all come from Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, as does the black calf bag which completes the group. This costs 85*s.*, and exploits a clear glass handle and ball fastener.





These lingerie sets in lace trimmed white and coffee-coloured georgette come from Marshall & Snelgrove. There is also a reversible plaid scarf in fine wool and taffetas, a matching bag and scarf in striped woollen fabric, and a black calf bag with a clear white glass handle

Hats Tilt Backwards

HATS for the autumn show an almost bewildering variety of styles, but the off-the-forehead vogue continues, though in a rather softer form than that to which we have become accustomed. For now the majority of caps have either swathed draperies or brims folded back across the crown, and in almost every case the line of the crown itself sweeps down to the nape of the neck. A grey and black mixture tweed is used for the sports cap, with its matching scarf, at the head of this page. Set on to a narrow black bandeau, the folds are pulled down to give width to the sides, and there is a tiny bow at the back. Its companion is made of reversible red velour, with an effective ornament at the left side. They come from Henry Heath, 105, Oxford Street, where the remainder of the quartette may also be seen. The close-fitting cap of reversible black velour boasts two narrow brown leather straps, finished with steel buckles, while the large model, for which the same medium is employed, is trimmed with upward curving leaves lined with white felt.

Reversible black velour is used for both these models from Henry Heath. The cap has leather straps across the front, and the large hat is trimmed by leaves lined with white felt

THE WORK OF "PETER BAXENDALE"

MRS. DAVID JAGGER, WIFE OF THE WELL-KNOWN PORTRAIT PAINTER

"PETER BAXENDALE" (MRS. BASIL BAXENDALE), THE ARTIST, AND SIMON—BY HERSELF

H.I.H. PRINCE GEORGE OF RUSSIA

MRS. A. G. McCORQUODALE (BARBARA CARTLAND, THE NOVELIST)

Photograph by *Miller, Forfar*

"THE DEN"—A FAMOUS SPOT AT AIRLIE

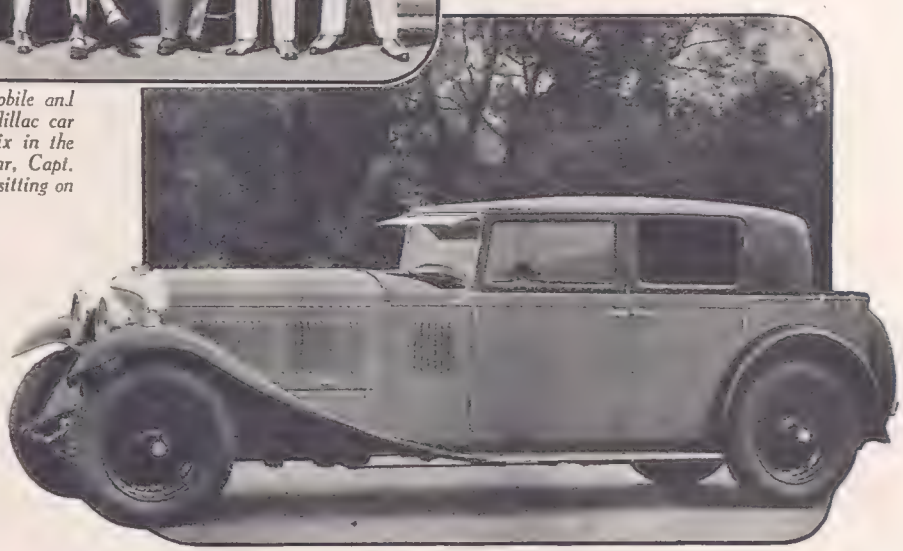
The Den lies in the grounds of Airlie Castle, the historic pile of the "Bonnie Airlies," ancient enemies of the Argylls. This picturesque spot, near the junction of the Melquin and Isla rivers, is where the Dowager Lady Airlie has been entertaining Mr. Clynes, the Home Secretary, when awaiting the birth of the new Royal baby at Glamis Castle, a few miles away

MOTOR NOTES

FACTS versus FANCIES

By E. M. Wright

Members of the Committee of the Ostend Automobile and Yacht Club outside the club entrance. The Cadillac car seen behind the group was awarded the Grand Prix in the Ostend Concours d'Elégance. The owner of the car, Capt. F. W. Hartman, is seen in the centre of the group sitting on the running board



This 6½ litre Bentley is fitted with a body of panelled Weymann fabric by Gurney Nutting and Co., Ltd. The coachbuilt appearance of this type of bodywork has won it instant approval since it retains all the advantages of the fabric body

As a nation we are far too apt to ignore or belittle our achievements. How many, for instance, realise that we hold the world's speed record on land and in the air, and—unless the American, Commodore Gar Wood, has wrested it from us before these lines appear—still hold the world's speed record on water? Segrave's record of 231 m.p.h. on land and the record of 357 m.p.h. in the air are unquestioned; but how many realise that Segrave's average of 98.76 m.p.h. in "Miss England II" was not an unofficial "record" conceded us by the rest of the world out of regard for Segrave's memory, but an absolutely official one established strictly according to the rules of the international body governing the sport of motor boat racing and duly accepted by them? With the shock of the tragedy on Lake Windermere still fresh in our minds, we did not stop to enquire too deeply into whether this was a record or not. Rather than appear to cast a slur on the reputation of one who was dead, we quietly accepted it. Indeed, the Americans received many a pat on the back for the "generous" spirit in which they accepted our "pretensions." "It was very decent of the Americans," said many a casual British observer, "to allow us to speak of it as a world's record without kicking up a fuss, so we must not make too much of it." As a matter of cold fact, the achievement *is* a world's record, and the Americans *did* make a fuss.

***

I AM able now to reveal the whole story of what actually did occur, and, in view of the misconceptions which still exist on both sides of the Atlantic, I shall explain very briefly the recent alterations in the rules governing attempts on the world's record on water, for it was owing to ignorance of these changes that Segrave's record was ever called into question. The supreme international authority controlling the sport of motor boat racing is the International Motor-Yachting Union, with headquarters in Brussels. The national bodies in America and Great Britain affiliated to the International Motor-Yachting Union are, respectively, the National Yachtsman's Association of America and the Marine Motoring Association, of which Earl Howe is President, and Mr. Arthur Bray one of the Vice-Presidents and British Delegate to the international body.

***

HITHERTO the rules of the international body laid down that, in order to qualify for a world's record, three runs had to be made in each direction, the course being thus covered six times. At the annual meeting last November Mr. Arthur Bray proposed on behalf of Great Britain that this rule should be amended to conform with the practice prevailing in attempts on the world's land record, namely, that it should be necessary to make only one run in each direction, or two in all. To this the Americans heartily agreed, and with the unanimous approval of all the delegates the rule was altered accordingly.

***

AS will be remembered, it was not until near the end of his third run that Segrave met with disaster. His average of 98.76 m.p.h. was the mean result of two full runs over the nautical mile, one in each direction, duly observed by the Marine Motoring Association officials, under international rules, subsequently reported to the I.M.Y.U. and duly accepted by them and, therefore, by all affiliated countries, including America. Nevertheless, the cry was raised in that country by those who did not know the true position that this did not constitute an international record. The National Yachtsman's Association has, of course, refuted this, but, despite official statements to the contrary, the impression still exists in many quarters that Segrave's achievement was not a record.

***

"MISS ENGLAND'S" speed in the first two runs was remarkable enough. But for the accident, however, there seems every reason to suppose that the record would have stood at something well over 100 m.p.h. It seems certain that the first two runs were made on little more than two-thirds throttle, and that Segrave was so pleased with the performance of the Rolls-Royce engines that on the third occasion he opened up considerably in an effort to see what they really would do. On the first half mile of this run he was unofficially timed by observers to do approximately 119 m.p.h.—and then came disaster when the boat struck a water-logged branch.

MOTOR NOTES (continued)

IT is common knowledge that "Miss England II" is not by any means hors de combat. With the exception of the torn "step," the boat was practically undamaged, and the engines and unique transmission entirely so. In fact, when returned to the Rolls-Royce works at Derby, both engines were found, when stripped, to be in perfect condition. Hence it is obvious that, subject to the decision of Lord Wakefield, "Miss England's" owner, we have by no means heard the last of this remarkable boat.

***

AS I write, the result of the British International Trophy, the blue riband of motor boat racing, is still undecided. Once again Miss Carstairs is making a plucky fight to bring this trophy back to England. But, even though her American rival, Commodore Gar Wood, should win the race, and, even though he should also break the existing record, he will still, in all probability, have ultimately to reckon with "Miss England II"; and then perhaps we shall see yet another triumph for British engineering and British sportsmanship.

Across America

IN the hands of Mr. Pemberton Billing, an enthusiastic champion of British cars and incidentally an enthusiastic Riley Nine owner, a Riley Nine Brooklands model, with its two occupants, has traversed the Continent of North America from New York to Los Angeles, a distance of over 4,200 miles, in 5 days, 20 hours, 13 minutes. In a cable to Mr. Victor Riley he says that after deducting time lost through enforced delays occasioned by speed "cops," punctures, detours and misdirection, the average worked out at forty-one miles an hour. More than a quarter of the distance was over rock-strewn mud tracks.

***

SEVERAL of the big oil companies have lately drawn attention to their efforts to preserve the amenities of the countryside by withdrawing ugly petrol signs from beauty spots. Following the publication by the Shell people of letters they received from the Scapa Society and the Design and Industries Association, the British Petroleum Co., Ltd., draws attention to the fact that six years ago it removed all wayside signs in rural areas, besides which it has taken steps to make petrol pumps less obtrusive by painting them in the quietest possible shade of green. This excellent example, if generally followed, would do a very great deal to prevent spoliation of our beautiful countryside.

The new 1931 Standard "Ensign Six" Saloon which is priced from £245. The special model illustrated above rates at £275

On Tour

THE A.A. have issued the summer edition of the "A.A. Service Map of France," showing roads throughout the country under four distinct surface classifications, and the location of appointed hotels. In addition to plans of the Channel landing ports hitherto incorporated, the reverse side now includes Lyons, admittedly the most difficult of all French provincial cities to negotiate.

***

I HAVE received a copy of the latest list of Elto outboard motor boat accessories. A copy of this brochure, which is of great interest, will be sent to any reader of THE BYSTANDER who applies to Elto House, 24, Harrison Street, W.C.1.

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SHOOTING NOTES

PHEASANTS AND FOX CUBS

By "Clodhopper"

DEER ACROSS THE GLEN

A photograph from the Corrair Forest, above Loch Treig, in Aberdeenshire

A LATE harvest naturally means late cubbing, for hounds can only be given their daily feet-hardening and conditioning exercise on the road while corn remains standing around the coverts. In most agricultural districts wheat, barley and oats have been ripe for reaping for some little time, but adverse weather conditions have rendered harvesting operations impossible. Thousands of acres of cereal crops in the Midlands, Lincolnshire and other parts of the country have been laid as flat as the proverbial pancake by heavy wind-driven rains, and such corn cannot be cut by means of the modern reaper and self-binder. The antiquated sail-reaper has therefore once again come into use. But the latter machine cuts only against the laid corn, which, from being thrown out loose, has to be tied by hand. All this, of course, means enhanced expense in regard to labour, considerable delay in getting in the crops, and, incidentally, late cub-hunting.

WITH a rising glass and more favourable weather forecasts, however, it seems—at the moment of writing at any rate—fairly safe to predict that the majority of packs will be busy enough with the litters of cubs during the opening week of partridge shooting. Until hounds get to work in the coverts no really accurate census of the vulpine population can be taken. From practically every hunting country, however, a good stock of healthy young foxes is reported.

SUCH news will probably be regarded by non-hunting covert owners and their keepers with anything but satisfaction. On the other hand, no Master of hounds or huntsman desires a plethora of foxes on any side or portion of his territory. A sufficient number to afford sport throughout the season, plus a fair stock to carry on the good work of procreation, represent all the foxes that are required in a hunting country. Apart from this, every huntsman, amateur or professional, worthy of carrying a horn will do his level best towards pruning down the litters of cubs between now and the opening of the legitimate season, if only to encourage and provide blood for the young entry.

Sport and General

Sir Walter Carlile in the butts. The photograph was taken at Mrs. J. G. Murray's shoot over Culloden Moor, in Inverness-shire

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

THE CAREFUL SHOT.

A LARGE proportion of those who shoot well on occasion but indifferently most of the time should be alert to discern whether their good shots are mostly done on the spur of the moment and the rest with far too much preoccupation as to the result. Everybody must have noticed that the determination to make sure of an easy chance that comes gently sailing into view more often than not means a hopeless miss. The explanation is that shooting is wholly an instinctive process, so that no matter how much theory may lie in the background even premeditation is out of place when work begins. One's personality may act the part of spectator, perhaps even of critic after the event, but it must on no account direct and the less it criticises the better. Its mood must be optimistic: it must never suffer fits of depression. Left alone, a man's "alter ego" is probably a thoroughly useful shot. At the shooting grounds many a man is seen to take a splendid instinctive aim, to be checked by an interval of distrust, with next a carefully ordered aim and the inevitable sequel. My advice to the in-and-out shot is to recall an occasion when you couldn't do wrong, when the mind was almost a blank and something inside took charge which brooked no interference. Cultivate that attitude and with it the bold, free, easy action which triumphs in all sport.

THOUGH the "Thief of the World" may be an inveterate poacher, we are inclined to believe that his depredations on the game preserves are only too often grossly exaggerated. Where rabbits are plentiful he will confine his attention chiefly to them, and do but little harm to more highly prized game as pheasants and partridges. In any case, very heavy bags are often made in coverts inhabited by foxes if the keepers in charge have a thorough knowledge of their profession.

NEVERTHELESS, cubbing is undoubtedly an anxious time for the keepers on sporting estates upon which a great head of pheasants has been reared and put into covert. A pack of hounds crashing here, there and everywhere through the tangle of under-covert, above which the birds are roosting, has a very disturbing effect upon both the feather and fur of the coverts. Young hounds, until properly entered to fox, will chivy, and open to anything, be it cub, hare, rabbit, squirrel, pheasant or blackbird.

SOME hunts advertise their cubbing fixture in the local newspapers, though many do not. Covert owners, however, are almost invariably notified well in advance of the morning upon which their woods are to be visited by hounds. A wise keeper will take particular care that every earth, rabbit bury, drain and other subterranean haven of refuge in his coverts, large enough to afford sanctuary to a cub, is stopped out the previous evening. During the earlier part of cubbing young foxes are very loth to leave their natal woodlands, and the more members of a litter there are above ground the more they will be bustled and divided up by hounds. Careful earth-stopping may, perhaps, lead to a mask, or even a brace of masks, being taken of the "little varmints" before the morning's work is finished.

IN dry, warm weather such as was experienced at this season last year a vixen will sometimes lead her family from the coverts to kennel in a patch of roots or other soft lying in the open. While cubbing with the Belvoir in September, 1929, we saw hounds push up what were, evidently, two good litters of cubs from less than an acre of barley which had purposely been left standing by a sporting farmer on the outskirts of a big covert famous for pheasants and foxes alike. An observant gamekeeper will closely watch the movements of any litter or litters of cubs which inhabit the preserves under his charge. By so doing he may be able to assist the huntsman of the local pack of fox-hounds in taking toll of the four-footed night poachers, for which he has no earthly use in his well-stocked coverts.

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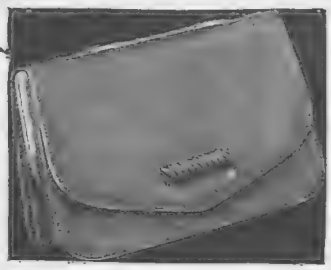

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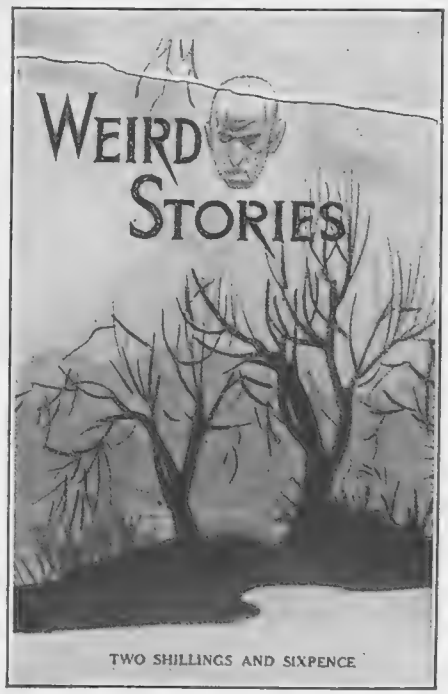

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THE GOURMET — Conducted by EMILIA

Turbot au Parmesan

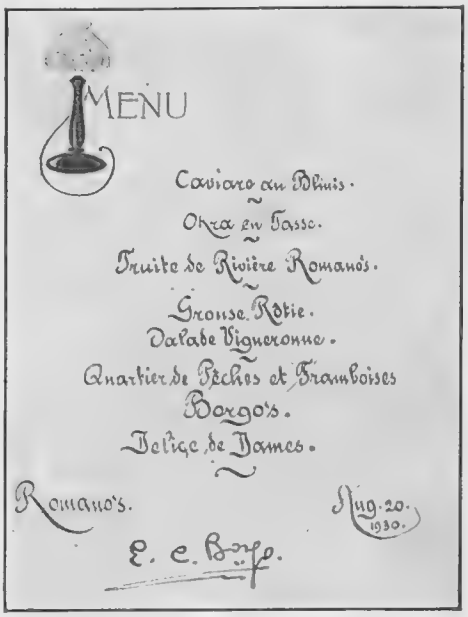
FLAKE some cooked turbot and make a thick white sauce, butter a fireproof dish, and rub it well with a raw onion. Arrange on it a layer of fish, then pour over it some of the sauce, and add a good sprinkling of grated cheese. Take another layer of fish, then sauce, and strew over the whole about three tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs and cheese in equal quantities. Put the dish in a brisk oven for about a quarter of an hour, and serve as soon as the surface is a light golden colour.

Côtelettes de Veau à la Milanaise

SPRINKLE some veal cutlets with salt and pepper, dip them into oiled butter, and then into breadcrumbs seasoned with pepper and salt. Allow this to set, then repeat the process, only using egg yolk instead of butter, and fry in boiling fat. Meanwhile, boil some macaroni, drain well, and cut it up rather small, then add to it a good lump of butter, a pinch of freshly ground black pepper, salt to taste, the yolk of an egg, and sufficient tomato sauce to colour and flavour it well. Toss it all over the fire till quite hot, stirring it all the time, then heap it in the centre of a hot dish and arrange the cutlets round it.

Fonds d'Artichauts

STRIP off the leaves from the artichokes (remove the chokes), and soak them in tepid water for about three hours, changing the water occasionally. Place them in a saucepan with enough gravy to cover them, a tablespoonful of mushroom ketchup, the strained juice of a lemon, and a piece of butter the size of a walnut rolled in flour. Let them stew gently till tender, then serve, with the sauce poured over, as hot as possible.



ROMANO'S—A DINNER MENU

The menu of a 10/6 dinner signed by Mr. E. C. Borgo, the Manager of Romano's, which he recently took over after having been Restaurant Manager of the Café Anglais for some time

Bavarois de Chocolat

BOIL 4 oz. of powdered chocolate, 3 or 4 drops of vanilla essence, 2 oz. of castor sugar, and ½ pint of milk all together for ten minutes; dissolve in it ½ oz. leaf gelatine, and pour it over three egg yolks broken into a basin, stirring well. Pour it all back into the pan, and stir till it thickens but does not boil. Strain and pour into a mould, and leave to set. Half a pint of cream should be whipped and stirred in just before pouring it all into the mould.

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Armandes Salés

BLANCH about a ¼ lb. of sweet almonds, sprinkle them with salt, fry them in butter until a rich golden brown, and put them on paper to drain well.

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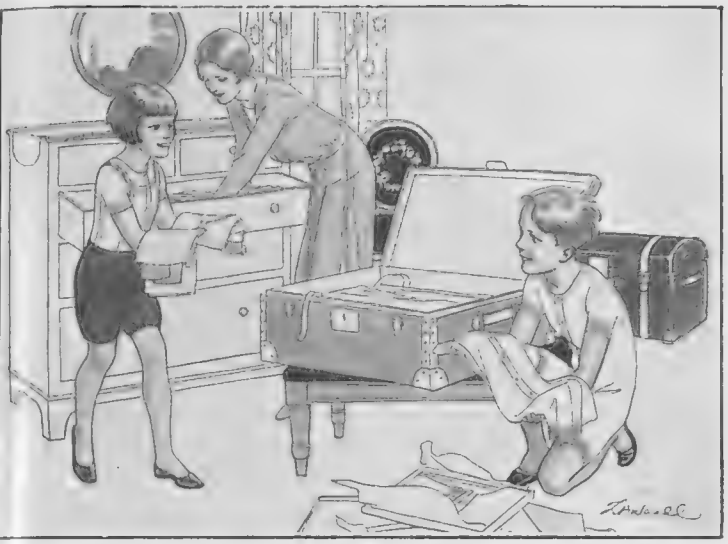

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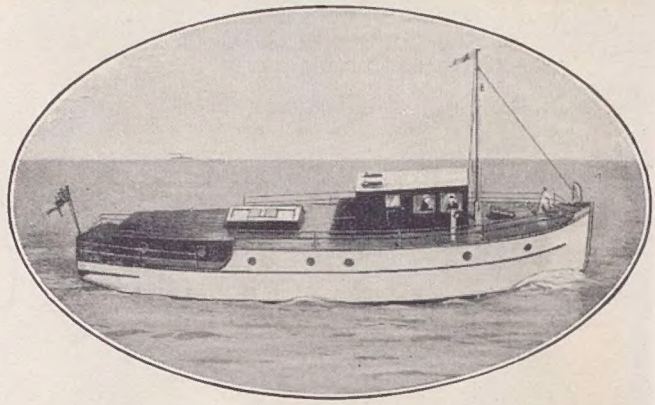

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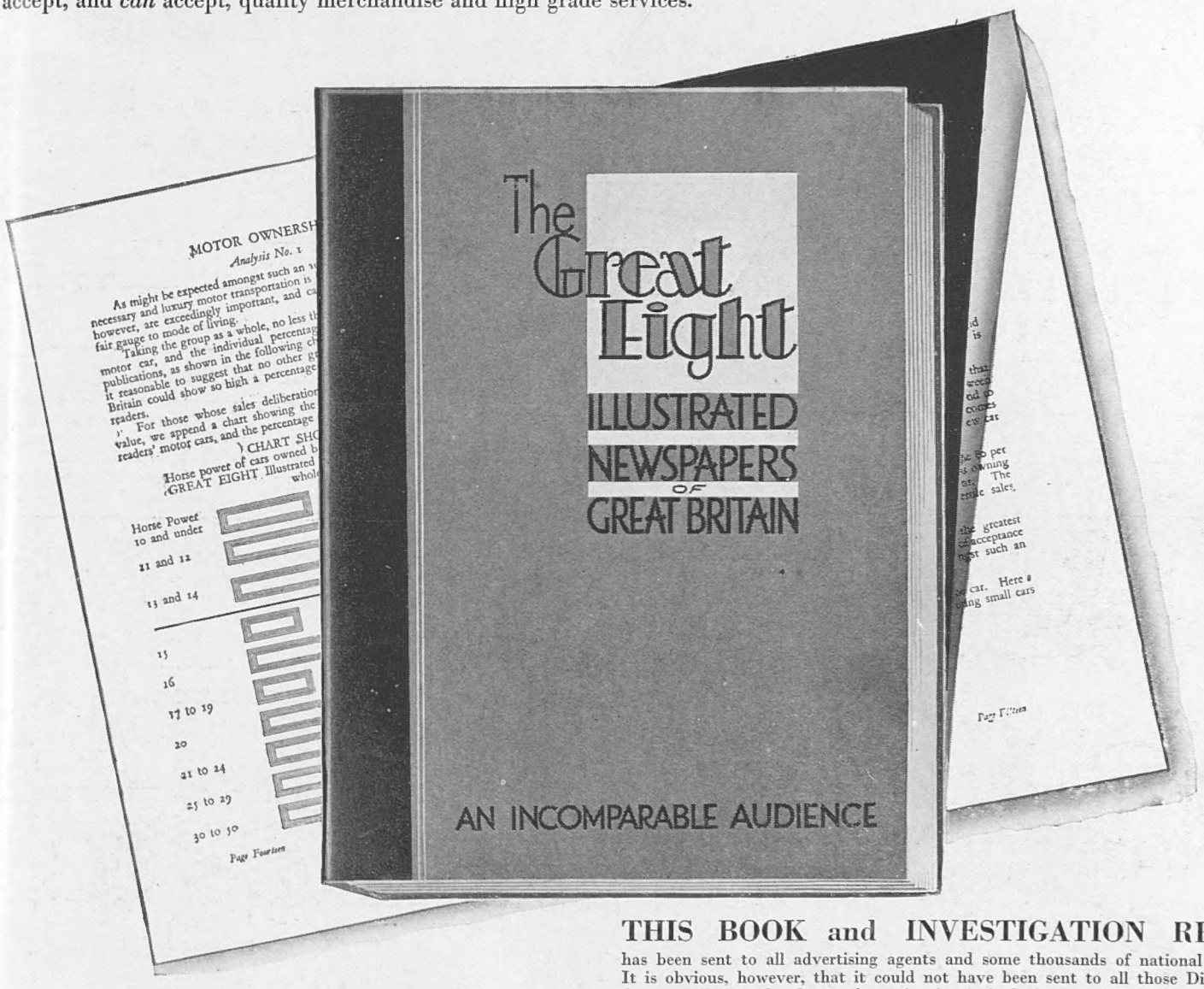

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